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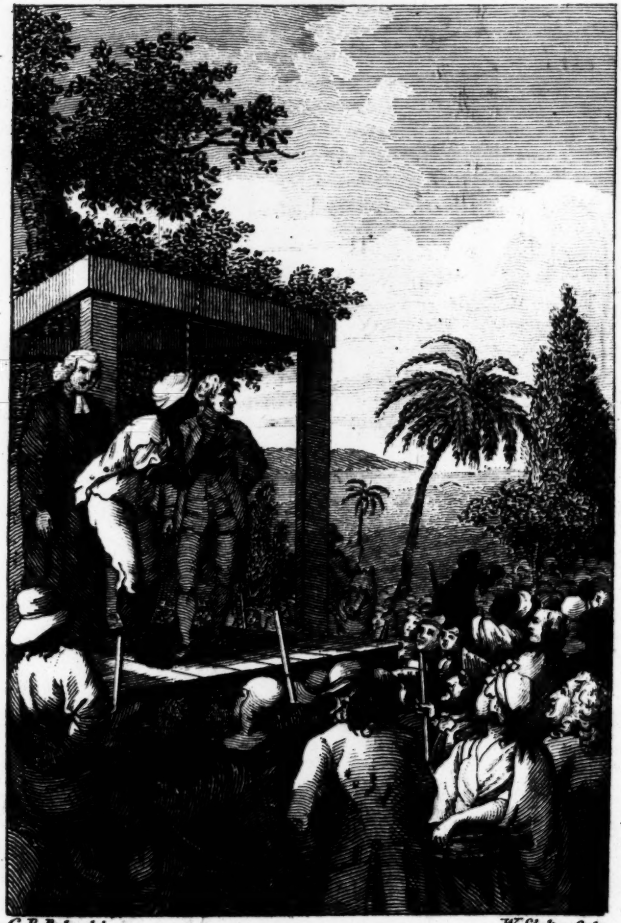

C. R. Ryley del. W. Skelton sculp.

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*Publish'd as the Act directs, Nov^r 1. 1787, by T. Hookham Bond Street.*

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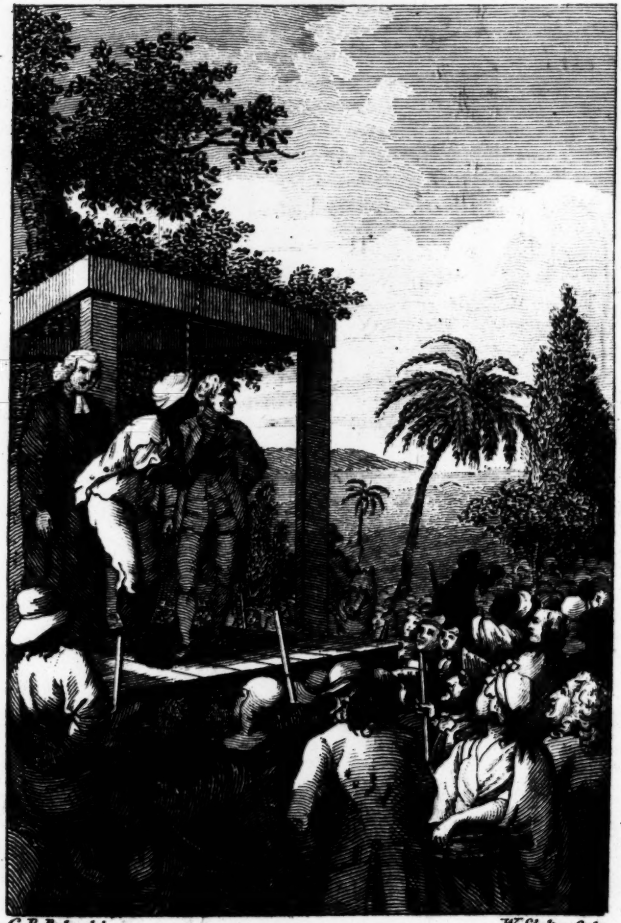

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THE

# FRIEND OF YOUTH;

BEING A SEQUEL TO THE

# CHILDREN'S FRIEND;

AND LIKE THAT WORK,

CONSISTING OF

APT STORIES, ENTERTAINING DIALOGUES,

AND

MORAL DRAMAS:

ALL INTENDED

To excite Attention, cheriſh Feeling, and inculcate Virtue

IN THE

RISING GENERATION;

Partly tranſlated from Mr. BERQUIN, and other French and German Writers, and partly Original, being written by the Editor himſelf,

The Rev, MARK ANTHONY MEILAN.

Embelliſhed with

COPPER PLATES.

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VOL. V.

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LONDON:

Printed for T. HOOKHAM, in New Bond Street.

M, DCC, LXXXVIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

* THE

# NEGROE,

## AT THE PLACE OF EXECUTION.

YOU men that have the white complexion, cruel-hearted men, who take the name upon you of my maſters; you that I am utterly aſhamed to call my equals, you are going now to kill me. Do ſo. I have perpetrated an unpardonable crime, according to your notions. I have rent my fetters; I took with me

* This dying ſpeech is not intended to excite the blacks to inſurrection and revolt againſt their maſters, ſhould it ever fall into the hands of any negroe. It is meant, upon the other hand, to ſhow thoſe maſters the neceſſity of mercy in the treatment of their ſlaves. If men could poſſibly be ignorant of what attachment, zeal, and love theſe blacks are capable, when treated kindly, one might quote ten thouſand houourable inſtances to that effect.

upwards of five hundred men, who were as much enamoured as myſelf of that ineſtimable bleſſing heaven deſigned for all her children. In reality, I might have perpetrated an unpardonable crime, and you not had it in your power to puniſh me; inſtead of recommending flight to my companions, had I left them to their rage, you would have all been ſtabbed, or burnt, or mangled in your habitations, on a ſignal they deſigned to give. I would not ſuffer this; for that religion, which you taught me, and which, notwithſtanding all your wickedneſs, I love, forbade me ſuch a vengeance; though by ſome, it might have been conſidered juſt: however, kill me, notwithſtanding this, and rid me of two torments, greater far than any other; ſlavery, and the preſence of ſuch tyrants. But, before you kill me, hear the few laſt words I ever am to utter.

And you likewiſe, dear companions with me in misfortune, whom your maſters, in their policy, drag hither, that my death may ſerve as an example to deter you from the feigned offence I die for, hear your Agathon, your friend, your brother. 'Tis for your advantage, more a great deal than my own, I ſpeak; for you remain in ſlavery, while I am on the point of quitting it. This ſcaffold is to me the cill of liberty.

The Sovereign Being, when he made me man, deſigned I ſhould be free; and indepen-

dance

dance was the firſt and beſt of all his gifts. How, therefore, have I loſt this gift? White men, 'tis you I aſk.

A thief attacked the life and habitation of my father. I defended them, as long as I had power to lift my arm againſt him; but at laſt, I was compelled to yield. This thief exchanged me for a certain quantity of an intoxicating liquor. Was I in the leaſt degraded after having been the object of ſo vile a commerce? Liquor may deprive thoſe men who drink it, of their underſtanding; but can never, ſurely, change the nature of a human being, who, at all times kept it from his lips, becauſe he thought it would no leſs defile them than a lie.

Such, then, atrocious men, is, in reality, your right and title to me. An abominable right and title. I confeſs my father had a right and title in me; and with juſtice, on his ſide, he might have puniſhed me, if I had been rebellious. But to ſell me, was a thing he could not do. Could I do ſo myſelf? I had a right to riſque my life; but then, my liberty was never at my own diſpoſal. Do you think, then, you could buy, for brandy, of a thief, what neither I myſelf, nor yet my father, had it in his power to ſell.

Thoſe watches you are uſed to carry in your pockets, and conſult, are yours. The workmen gave them to you in exchange for money. He might lawfully do ſo. But if,

inſtead of that *material* ſpring which makes them go, an immaterial ſoul had been beſtowed upon them, in that caſe the workman would have had no right to ſell them. I have, notwithſtanding ſuch a truth, been bought, though animated with the breath of God. As ſoon as I was bought, you fancied I had loſt the dignity or nature of a human being. You conſidered me, as if I had been nothing but a beaſt of burden. You confounded me among your cattle. Did I ſay *among your cattle?* Was I uſed as well?

When craft and cunning have inveigled a wild horſe into your nets, you firſt of all attempt to bring down his ferocity, before you tame him. It is only by degrees you make a ſtate of ſervitude familiar to him. You careſs the creature juſt before you put the bit into his mouth. The firſt burthens he is made to bear are light: you let him reſt, when he is once fatigued; and feed him to keep up his ſtrength. But was it thus you treated me? or is it thus you treat thoſe miſerable beings that at preſent hear me.

But indeed you had no need to bring down my ferocity. I cheriſhed you before I knew your natures. I conſidered you in ſome ſort as beneficent divinities, and bleſſed the moment when I fell into your hands. I ſought, by every method, to inſpire my fellow ſlaves and bondmen with the ſame idea of you. Miſerable

friends,

friends, and partners, I deceived you! Pardon me. I was deceived myſelf.

And thou, reſpectable old man, that I regret while dying, thou whoſe name is no leſs dear than my own father's to me, I forgive thee from my heart, for having made me love and reverence men of thy complection. I imagined all the whites were like thee. Thrown upon our coaſt by ſhipwreck and the tempeſt, with what gratitude, as I remember, didſt thou not receive my ſervices, when I had brought thee to our cabin! With what friendſhip didſt thou not inſtruct me in the knowledge of thy country! I perceived my ſoul was, as it were, enlarged while liſtening to thee. Thou beſtowedſt, in ſome manner, a new life upon me. After this, I could not but eſteem the Whites. At noon, when I had brought my father to a range of cocoa trees, where he might ſit beneath their ſhadow, I was uſed to bring thee likewiſe. I was uſed to pluck and open for thee their refreſhing fruit, while thou wouldſt lift my thoughts up to that being who firſt bade the trees *bear fruit for men*.

I looked upon thoſe men as making one great family. I thought that family was headed by a common father, who loved all his children—But, oh, great Creator! what a family! On one ſide, tyranny, ferocity, and avarice! On the other, patience, ſlavery, and ſubmiſſion! Such was the allotment.

What a length of time was there not neceſ-

ſary

ſary to extinguiſh in my heart the affection I indulged myſelf in for white people! What indignities have I not undergone, before I could be brought to hate you! When you puniſhed me, I thought I could not but be guilty, ſince I could not fancy you would be unjuſt. You are however now deteſted by me. Could I poſſibly ſuppreſs my execrations in the midſt of your barbarity for every paſt injuſtice done me, recollect your recent cruelties.

Cloſe by my hut, I ſaw a ſlave, quite ſpent with toil and hunger, hold out to her ſkinny child, a dry and ſhrivelled nipple. Milk was what it wanted; but inſtead of that, I ſaw it ſwallow thoſe big tears that trickled down the mother's cheeks upon her boſom. I was moved to ſhare my dinner with her. I deferred my work for hers. Look at her. She is there among the croud. That melancholy-looking woman yonder, that holds up her child.

This deed, for which my heart has ſo well paid me, and on which the ſovereign Judge will pour a bleſſing in eternity.—How did you recompence me for it, Whites? (Untie me, executioner: untie my arms; I cannot run away, becauſe my legs are fettered.) There: *(uncovering his ſhoulders)* behold it written on my back! The recompence of my humanity!

I dare not mention every tittle of your cruelty. But, when my body is expoſed and naked, come, black men, and contemplate thereon, if you have ſo much courage, the ferocity

of

of your relentleſs maſters. And you, whites, be pleaſed at the refinements of your cruelty. The ſcars upon it, are from ſtripes I ſuffered for refuſing what you called a marriage. Were you to propoſe a ſecond time that marriage, and annex my life to the propoſal, I would ſtill refuſe it.

What advantage could I hope for, from whatever marriage you propoſed me? You, that, when your veſſel brought me over, and three hundred fellow-captives with me, would have thrown ten of them overboard, leſt you ſhould loſe the money, as you ſaid, inſured upon them. It was certain they would die of the diſeaſe they were afflicted with, when your inſatiate avarice prompted you to drown them: of the ten, eight manfully jumpt over board; the other two were with their fetters flung into the ſea, and you beheld them ſtruggle with the waves, before they ſunk for ever. White men, could you, after ſuch a barbarous action, ſwear that through the danger of the ſeas, you loſt thoſe ten poor murdered negroes? Chriſtians only have the art of ſhunning perjury by cruelty, no leſs than that of devils.

When the thief I have already ſpoke of took me priſoner, I was going to unite my fortunes to the lovely *Zemarind:* ſhe had received my preſents, and her mother had ſent me the uſual *arrows.* Every thing was ready. All the flutes were tuned; the maidens and young men had learned the marriage ſong. They had compoſed the dance, and happineſs,—Deſpairing recol-

lection! But thou ſhalt not at this moment ſteal upon me, and ſubdue my manhood.—White men, why were you inhuman? Had you favoured me, I might have then—But why ſhould I have added to my ſervitude, the ſervitude of others coming from me? Should I have communicated my exiſtence to beloved little ones, when your barbarity compelled me, as it were, to curſe my own exiſtence? All my limbs were in your power. Your whips and ſcourges made me feel it. I had conſtancy enough to brave your torments: but, alas, I ſhould have loſt it, had I ſeen my wife and children,——Children! Can a ſlave have children? No, no; he may multiply the cattle white men deal in, but can have no children.

Should I have preſented you with other victims?—Periſh rather the whole negroe race. May they for ever diſappear, and ſlavery with them.—But not ſo; for ſlavery would not diſappear. Your ſavage ſouls would not lie dormant; you would ſubjugate each other.

May the negroe race then multiply, and be at laſt enlightened.—May they one day or another——Tyrants, you turn pale, and dare not lift your eyes up; but take courage. May they one day or another not make white men ſlaves; but ſhow by their behaviour, they conſider all men brethren. This is my laſt prayer. May the Eternal grant it.—Executioner, perform thy office. Mangle, as thou wilt, this priſon houſe of clay, and let my ſoul out, that ere night ſhall reſt with its Creator.

# A DREADFUL MALADY.

A MOTHER and her FRIEND.

The MOTHER *(meeting the friend.)*

MADAM, I am glad to ſee you well in town. At laſt then, you are come among us from the country.

The FRIEND. Yes, no earlier than laſt night; and I am here as ſoon as poſſibly I could, on the ſucceeding morning, to enquire your health.

The MOTHER *(weeping.)* Ah, madam, I return you thanks: my health, unſettled as it is, ſome poſſibly might ſay is better than it ſhould be, after ſuch a great misfortune as has happened to me.

The FRIEND. What misfortune, pray? I have not heard a ſyllable about it.——Pardon me.—

The MOTHER. Ah, madam, my poor, eldeſt girl, on whom, as you are ſenſible, I placed my hope;—the loveliеſt being in the world, the ſweeteſt, moſt engaging——

The FRIEND. You alarm me! What of Henrietta? Have you loſt her then?

The MOTHER. Alas, not loſt her, as you mean; but poſſibly, I ſhould have now leſs cauſe for ſorrow, or at leaſt a cauſe that time would be more likely to aſſuage, if ſhe were really no more.

The FRIEND. You don't ſay ſo!—I cannot gueſs what you allude to.—What has happened?

The MOTHER. Judge yourſelf of the calamity, my dear, good madam, when I tell you ſhe is juſt recovered from the cruelleſt *ſmall pox* poor creature ever had.

The FRIEND. And is ſhe ſtill in danger then? I hope this terrible diſorder has not left a humour any where about her, but particularly in her face?

The MOTHER. No, not ſo bad as that: her body, God be thanked, is only marked: her eye ſight has not in the leaſt been hurt; nor yet is any ſtriking feature maimed: her health is even perfectly reſtored; ſhe ſays ſhe never in her life was better; but you know how beautiful ſhe was! and with what pleaſure every one looked at her!

The FRIEND. You are in the right; and as a mother, I muſt own, I envied your enjoyments in ſo elegant a child: for beauty is, I think, a gift more precious in our ſex than any other.

The MOTHER. Well, dear madam, I muſt tell you then, the roſe and lily in her countenance, together with thoſe features love itſelf had

had taken care to form,—Poor Henrietta!—Every thing that made her lovely is quite gone, and ſhe is now as ugly as, as, as——Ah, madam! what diſtreſs for any mother! and particularly one, that doated on her as I did!

The FRIEND. I feel the miſery of your ſituation no leſs ſenſibly, dear madam, than yourſelf; for deſtitute of beauty, in what light do men at preſent look upon a woman? do they court her company, or any ways reſpect her? What reſources has ſhe in the world, if ſhe has been denied this one? You, madam, know not by experience what it is to want the embelliſhments of beauty: thanks to nature, that has favoured you ſo highly.

The MOTHER. Me! You joke, I fancy; for 'tis certain you are no leſs ignorant upon this ſubject than myſelf. 'Tis true, I muſt acknowledge, that an ordinary woman has no other ſtep to take in prudence, than to keep aloof from public obſervation, and conceal herſelf in ſome obſcurity: for ſo ill-natured is the world we live in, that her caſe is irremediable.

The FRIEND. 'Tis frightful to reflect on; yet I own myſelf of your opinion: but pray tell me, how does Henrietta bear this great affliction?

The MOTHER. Ah, dear madam, ſhe has only too much courage; and her great inſenſibility, as far as it reſpects her loſs of beauty, utterly confounds, nay ſometimes vexes me. Would you believe it, all her converſation on

the ſubject only tends to this one point: to have me think, as ſhe herſelf does, that the horrible cataſtrophe her charms have undergone, is in reality a bleſſing to her: and 'tis thus ſhe makes me ſuffer all the ſorrow, ſhe herſelf at leaſt ſhould bear her part of.

The FRIEND. Surely, ſhe muſt be no leſs than a philoſopher to argue in this manner, and a very great one likewiſe, for her age: but when a few more years have paſſed away, and ſhe is older, and appears in public life, then, madam, will ſhe know the loſs ſhe has ſuſtained: the women, I confeſs, will eaſily forgive her; but the men, by their indifference and neglect, will unavoidably convince her that an ordinary woman hears no rank in nature, and no place worth keeping in ſociety.

The MOTHER. Yes, yes, the caſe is ſo preciſely; but of this, ſhe will not be perſuaded: therefore, as this malady has ſpoiled her fortune; for what man will marry any woman thus defaced, or love her after marriage, I muſt bring her over, if I can, not all at once, but by degrees, to leave this crouded city, and withdraw to ſome retreat; for need I mention I am far too fond of Henrietta, than that ever I ſhould wiſh the world may make her miſerable. In the Orkney Iſles, you know, I have an aunt who will receive and treat her with the fondneſs of a mother. There, if I can once prevail upon her to accept the offer, ſhe may have a ſafe aſylum from the impertinence

nence of obſervation. I will therefore ſend her to you. Do me ſo much kindneſs as to join me in perſuading her how prudent it would be to quit the buſtle, noiſe, and hurry, of a crouded city, for the peace, ſimplicity, and privacy, of ſuch a ſituation as the Orknies.

The FRIEND. Willingly; but there is one thing you forget, the intention we had formed of marrying Maximin, my ſon, to Henrietta. Is it poſſible——

The MOTHER. I know what you intend to ſay. You mean to aſk, if poſſibly I have forgot this circumſtance? How ſhould I but forget it; or remember ſuch a matter, after Henrietta's great misfortune. Maximin, I know, eſteemed and loved her; but will hardly do ſo any longer, when he ſees the alteration her diſorder has affected in her. Therefore—

The FRIEND. Yes, I think as you do; and, no doubt, it will be very prudent on our part, if we prevent our children from deteſting one another, by forbearing that alliance we had thoughts of. Under ſuch unhappy circumſtances, marriage would but make them both unhappy.

The MOTHER. Oh, no doubt: but, that our family may not loſe ſight of this alliance, which ſo greatly honours us, I have my other daughter, who is only twelve months younger than her ſiſter. And, provided you ſuppoſe your ſon——'Tis true ſhe is not what the other was; but ſtill, has ſome degree of beauty:

therefore, on the morrow I will ſend a meſſenger to fetch her up to London from the Orknies, where ſhe lives at preſent with the very aunt I juſt now ſpoke of, and inſtate her here in Henrietta's place, as Henrietta will, I hope, conſent, without reluctance, to take hers.

The FRIEND. A prudent plan, I think; and more particularly as, to ſpeak the truth between us two, the ſon has not been hitherto ſo very warm in his addreſſes to the lady, and may eaſily incline to take the youngeſt, when he ſees her ſiſter is no longer the ſame charming creature ſhe has been.

The MOTHER. Believe me, I am very glad to hear thus much: and will this inſtant call her. Leave no method unattempted that may bring her to approve that ſcheme we have been laying for her happineſs. If you ſucceed, I ſhall conſider you my real friend, and be indebted to you greatly. *(She goes to the door, and calls out loudly.)* Henrietta! No one would imagine this ſmall pox has hurt her hearing. She is come down ſtairs already.

HENRIETTA *(entering very briſk, and jumping all the way.)* Here I am, mama —— *(To the Friend.)* Ah, Mrs. Webber, my dear friend, I did not think you here. However, you look very well.

The FRIEND. And am ſo likewiſe, dear young lady. I returned to town but yeſterday; and had not half an hour ago been told the diſmal illneſs you have laboured under.

HEN-

HENRIETTA *(ſitting down.)* Diſmal, madam! Oh, a very nothing! I am quite recovered, as you ſee, from the diſorder; and provided my papa, mama, relations, friends, and ſo forth, do not love me leſs, I can aſſure you, that in ten or twelve days time I ſhall forget I ever had it.

The FRIEND. I can ſee you have a deal of courage, my dear friend; and ſuch a circumſtance is not amiſs. No doubt but thoſe you have juſt mentioned will continue in their habits of affection for you: but expect not ſuch proceeding from the world. The world is not ſo conſcientious; they will make you ſuffer many diſagreeable rebuffs, and often turn your recollection on the beauty you were once poſſeſſed of. Every woman in their notions ſhould be beautiful. They know you were ſo, very lately, and will mortify you by the intimation. They will ſeem to ſay by their behaviour, You have broke your word.—The fault is none of yours, I own; but ſtill——

HENRIETTA. Still what? Upon a ſuppoſition that the world ſhould not approve of me, I will not mix among them; but, though every day ſurrounded by a croud of people, ſhut myſelf up in a little circle of ſuch worthy friends as may conſider that the heart and underſtanding ſhould in reaſon paſs for ſomething, and that outward beauty is, at beſt, no better than a tranſient merit that depends not on our efforts.

to obtain, or when obtained, to keep it. *(She gets up, and goes to fetch her work.)*

The MOTHER *(aſide to the Friend.)* Well, how do you find her?

The FRIEND *(aſide to the Mother.)* As you ſaid indeed; fit only for the Orknies. *(To Henrietta.)* My dear, good girl, I had myſelf the ſame diſorder you have juſt now had, and nearly likewiſe at your age. From that time forward, I found out what thought the world give way to on the article of women. I was happily, however, marked ſo little by it, that in three months' time, it might be doubted whether I had ever had that malady. To know, obſervers were obliged to aſk me.

HENRIETTA. That was very happy, to be ſure, for you; but I, for my part, ſhall leave no one in ſo much uncertainty, and not be troubled in the leaſt myſelf with ſuch a queſtion.

The FRIEND. Certainly; but I was going on to tell you that before I knew for certain how this malady would treat me, I had formed a fixed reſolve, that if it ſhould diſfigure me to ſuch or ſuch a great degree, I would hide myſelf for ever afterwards. When I was in that train of thought, a convent came into my mind. I envied France thoſe inſtitutions at that moment, and reſolved, if the event I was afraid of ſhould take place, I would go over thither, and eſtabliſh my abode in ſome ſuch dwelling, rather than

than expoſe myſelf to thoſe continued inſults ordinary people are ſo ſure to meet with.

*(Here Maximin enters unobſerved, and having heard a little of the converſation, ſlips behind a ſcreen in the apartment, ſo that he may hear the reſt.)*

HENRIETTA *(to the Friend.)* Yes, I underſtand you, madam: by informing me of what you would have done yourſelf, you mean to tell me I ſhould do the ſame. Quit England and my friends ——

The FRIEND. No; not ſo violent a ſtep as that: there may be ſituations in this country where the peace and privacy of a retreat might be obtained. As for example; in the Orknies, as you know, you have an aunt: what hinders you from going there? In your misfortunes, you would find, thoſe little neighbourhoods have their enjoyments to afford you, which the turbulence of London cannot give. It is not the deſign of your mama to baniſh you. By going thither, you would ſtill be with your friends.

HENRIETTA. Yes, yes; once more, I underſtand you; and the Engliſh of all this, dear madam, is, that as you think me grown quite ugly,——

The FRIEND. No: I don't ſay that, dear Henrietta, either.

The MOTHER. No, no; you are too polite to ſay ſo; but my daughter ſhould not ſpare herſelf.

herſelf. She knows, as well as I do, how the caſe is with her.

HENRIETTA. Yes, I do, mama. I know, that till this cruel malady attacked me, I was pretty, very pretty, nay even beautiful; for now, that I am ſo no longer, I may ſurely be permitted, without vanity, to mention what I was. Well, here already is one great advantage I have gained, and gained through this diſorder. If in any company I mention what I was, I need not fear ſome flatterer will get up, and as a compliment inform me, what I am at preſent. This, I ſay, is one advantage: beſides which, there certainly are many others, flowing from my loſs of beauty, that will make me compenſation for it.

The MOTHER. And what are they? I, for my part, cannot think of one.

HENRIETTA. Well then, you will yourſelf confeſs, that in the ſequel, flattery might have made me vain, diſdainful, a coquet, and very likely worſe.—Beſides too, is this beauty, after all the boaſtings it occaſions,—is it uniformly what makes women happy?

The FRIEND. With the merit of this beauty, one may hope for every thing, accompliſh every thing, and, in one word, pretend to every thing. Then likewiſe, think what pleaſure it muſt give one to be looked at, every ſtep one takes, and be adored by every individual of whatever company one mixes with! what triumph to enſlave the men, and make them vie with one another

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in the act of paying one their homage!—Ah, my poor, dear Henrietta!

HENRIETTA. In this elegant deſcription of thoſe triumphs appertaining to a beauteous woman, you are careful to produce the painted ſide of her enjoyments only. But among ten thouſand here in London, be it aſked, how many are there not that have been made already, are ſtill made, and in the ſequel will be made unhappy, by this very beauty? The intoxication, jealouſy, and envy it excites, together with the follies, if not crimes, it conſtantly betrays them into, through ſolicitations from the men, as dangerous to the full as they are everlaſting. Ah, my dear mama, you know much more upon this article than I can poſſibly pretend to do. How many women are there not, for ever ruined in their fortunes, if not reputation, that owe all their ſorrows to this beauty? Well then, from the terror of all this I am exempted for the time to come.

The MOTHER. *(To the Friend.)* You hear her, madam; and ſee plainly, every thing I ſaid is true. By views of this kind, ſhe keeps up her ſpirits. Is not this afflicting for a mother, who would ſave her daughter from the inſults of a multitude that now-a-days ſeek only beauty in a woman to reſpect her?—*(To Henrietta.)* And are theſe your real thoughts? Be ſerious, I beſeech you, Henrietta; and inform me truly, if you fancy your philoſophy will bear you up, ſo far as to determine you to live

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in London, and put up with the indifference of thoſe that might have otherwiſe adored you.

HENRIETTA. Doubtleſs, will it, dear mama, if your affection be the ſame it has been always. That alone will make my life in London happy. Oh, don't think I can, in that caſe, have a ſingle inſult, as you call the men's behaviour, to complain of. I will not affect the company or converſation of the men, but regulate my way of living by a different plan. I will not wiſh to go to balls, aſſemblies, maſquerades, and ſo forth: So that here, too, is another benefit I ſhall derive from my misfortune.

The MOTHER. She calls benefits what all the world beſide her would avoid as grievous diſadvantages. What ſelf opinion!

HENRIETTA. Dear mama, why call it ſelf opinion? Since, inſtead of loſing half my time in viſits, where the principal deſign of moſt young women is to ſhow their perſons to advantage, after having thrown away the other half in dreſſing,—with good books, I ſtill have opportunities to form my heart and underſtanding, and learn many things which, but for this misfortune, I ſhould never in my life have known a ſyllable about; becauſe a handſome woman only ſtudies how ſhe may become more handſome. This is all her occupation; whence it generally happens ſhe comes forth into the world no better than an idiot. Have I not occaſion then to bleſs God's providence, that has deprived

deprived me of whatever might in future have contributed to make me either fooliſh or unhappy, if not both together?

The FRIEND. But a huſband, Henrietta? Can you hope, a huſband, who firſt marries you for what you bring him, will ſtill love you when that figure,——pardon me the expreſſion——

HENRIETTA. Oh, a huſband! Every huſband I might formerly have had, ſhall now be for my ſiſter to chuſe out of.——I will never marry.

MAXIMIN *(coming from behind the ſceene.)* You will never marry, my dear Henrietta, and in that caſe what is to become of all thoſe projects agitated by our parents to unite us?

HENRIETTA. Ah, ſir, is it you? and where, pray, were you?

MAXIMIN. Here, behind the ſcreen; where, with the greateſt pleaſure, I have heard the reaſonings of my charming Henrietta, and am raviſhed with them. Yes, ſhe has a mind that makes her worthy of all approbation; and, inſtead of thinking that this malady has taken from her beauty any thing, I find her much more lovely than before it happened, as that beauty I diſcover now ſhe is poſſeſſed of, cannot change but by increaſing. Ah, good madam, and dear mother, you both gave conſent to mine and Henrietta's marriage, and I ſwear I never will have any other wife, if ſhe will kindly take my hand; convinced how little I account of outward beauty, but prefer to every thing

thing the charms of underſtanding, and a virtuous heart, in that young woman I ſhall chuſe, to paſs my life with.

HENRIETTA. But pray look a little at me. —I am now become ſo ordinary, that I connot ——No, I have too great a value for you to conſent that you ſhould marry any one ſo ugly.

MAXIMIN. And for my part, Henrietta, I have too much love for you to marry any other.

The FRIEND. What are we to do?

The MOTHER. Whatever you think proper.

The FRIEND. To confeſs the truth then, Maximin, you may depend upon it, madam, is ſincere in what he ſays. I know him; and if Henrietta is the only perſon that can make him happy, I requeſt you will conſent to what he aſks, as I, on my ſide, do with all my heart.

The MOTHER. The affair is ſettled then. I never in my life thought leſs of any thing than this, I muſt acknowledge?

MAXIMIN. Well then, after this, my deareſt Henrietta, may I pleaſe myſelf with hoping your conſent will not be wanting.

HENRIETTA. I confeſs, dear Maximin, the obligation I am under to you, ſince, in ſpite of the misfortune which, as I have more than once been told, makes monſters of us, you can, nothwithſtanding, love me. I muſt own I am in ſome degree emboldened by your courage, to conceive myſelf ſtill uglier than I am. Without equivocation or reſerve, you have propoſed this marriage. It would not become me therefore,

fore, in a matter which my heart approves of, to be falſely delicate; but candidly acknowledge, I ſhall all my lifetime ſtudy by my conduct to evince how much I think I owe you.

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## PROBITY REWARDED.

PHILIP was a country lad, and born a great way from the capital. His parents having been neceſſitous, and, likewiſe, taken from him by God's providence, before his little tongue could liſp their names; he was indebted for his maintenance to public charity. He had been taught to read and write; his knowledge went no farther. At the age of fifteen years, the workhouſe governors thought fit to place him in a little farm houſe, where he watched the cattle. Patty, a young girl reſiding in the neighbourhood, was likewiſe ſtationed by her father, to watch his. She brought them, for good paſturage, to meadows where ſhe often had an opportunity of ſeeing Philip. Philip did her all the little ſervices a perſon, of his age and in his ſituation, could. The habit they were in of ſeeing one another, and their occupation, with the goodneſs of their hearts, and the officious

zeal they manifeſted each to ſerve the other, were attended with the uſual conſequences that enſue among young people. Philip talked to Patty of the church and marriage, and propoſed to aſk her father's leave, if ſhe conſented. Patty could not but be willing, and yet ſaid, ſhe did not much approve of being preſent, when he viſited her father upon ſuch a buſineſs. In a day or two ſhe was to go with ſomething to a neighbouring town; on which account ſhe begged that Philip would employ that opportunity of ſpeaking to her father, and come out at night to meet her, ſo that ſhe might know the ſooner, in what manner he had been received.

The youth, at that appointed time, repaired to Patty's father, and ingenuouſly told him how he loved her, and how happy he ſhould be to marry her. You are in love, replied the old man, rather roughly, with my daughter, and would marry her! And do you know what you are talking of? What clothes have you to give her? Have you any houſe to live in? and what way will you ſtrike out to feed her? You are nothing but a ſerving lad, and cannot have a penny in the world beforehand. Patty is not rich enough to keep herſelf and you. Ah, Philip! this is not the way to ſet up houſekeeping.—But I am ſtrong and hearty, anſwered Philip. People never want for work that have but induſtry; and what ſhall I refuſe for Patty's benefit? I have full forty

ſhillings

ſhillings yearly, now, and have already ſaved five pounds, and upwards, which will buy us goods. I will work harder, ſo that I may ſave more money; and, beſides, may I not take a little farm? The richeſt in our village firſt began as I ſhall do; and why ſhould I not proſper, juſt as they have? Providence is for us all. Well, interrupted Patty's father, you are young, and very eaſily may wait. Get rich, and Patty ſhall be yours; but till ſuch time as you have money, never ſpeak another word about her.

Philip could obtain no other anſwer. Patty, he ſuppoſed, was now on her return, and therefore put himſelf into the way that he might meet her. They came up with one another ſoon. He was quite thoughtful, and ſhe read upon his countenance the news he had to give her. He has then refuſed you, I ſuppoſe, ſaid Patty? Ah, how ſorrowful I am, replied the lad, that I was born ſo poor! But yet, I do not give up every hope. My ſituation very poſſibly may change. If I were now your huſband, I would ſhun no labour to procure you comfortable things. Shall I do leſs then, Patty, to *become* your huſband? Oh, I know we ſhall be married one day or another: keep your heart then unengaged; for you have told me long ago 'tis mine.

As they were talking thus, they drew near home. The night gained faſt upon them, and they almoſt ran, that they might reach their

cottages the ſooner. Philip ſtumbled over ſomething, and fell down. As he was getting up, he put his hands out to examine what it was. It proved a bag, and being taken up, was very heavy. Philip, curious to diſcover what was in it, went into a field, with Patty, where ſome furzes that towards evening had been ſet on fire, were burning ſtill; and, by their light, he ſaw 'twas full of money.

Oh, good heavens! ſaid Patty, is it gold? Ah, Philip, you are now quite rich!—What, Patty, anſwered Philip, may I now poſſeſs you? Is it poſſible, that heaven, thus favourable to my wiſhes, ſhould have ſent me wherewithal to ſatisfy your father, and be happy? Such a thought poured joy into their hearts: they greedily contemplated their wealth, and after having looked affectionately at each other, put themſelves again into the pathway home, that they might tell the old man their good luck. They were come very near his houſe, when Philip ſuddenly ſtopped ſhort. We think, ſaid he, this gold will make us happy; but it is not ours. No doubt ſome traveller has dropped it, as he went along. Our fair is hardly over yet. Some dealer, coming from it, may have loſt this money; and, at preſent, while we thus reſign ourſelves to joy for having found it, he is, very likely, in deſpair. Ah, Philip, anſwered Patty, ſuch a thought is very proper. The poor man, no doubt, is much afflicted at his loſs. We cannot take his money:

ney: chance has made it ours; but if we were to keep it, we ſhould ſcarce be better than two thieves. You make me ſhudder at the thought, ſaid Philip. We were going with it to your father. He would certainly have made us happy; but what happineſs can we enjoy, when we are inwardly convinced ſome other perſon is unhappy from the loſs of what we have. Let us, then, leave it with the miniſter. He has been always very good to me. He placed me in the farm, where I am now a ſervant. 'Tis my duty to conſult him. He will be my friend, and give me good advice on the occaſion.

Philip came with Patty to the miniſter's; he was at home. The honeſt Philip put the bag into his hands, and frankly told him, that at firſt he had imagined it a preſent made him by the hand of Heaven. He affected not to hide his love for Patty, and what obſtacle his want of money was, in the idea of her father, to his being married. The good paſtor, condeſcendingly heard every thing he had to ſay; looked at them both with the affection of a parent, and was charmed with their behaviour. He approved the ardour of their tenderneſs for one another, but ſtill more, their probity, which was ſuperior to it. Philip, ſaid the miniſter, preſerve in every circumſtance of life, this probity; and Heaven will bleſs you. We will find out, if we can, the owner of this money: he will recompence you for your ho-

neſty. I, too, will add a little of my ſavings to the preſent he ſhall make you; and, no doubt, you will have leave to marry Patty. I take on me to procure you the conſent of Patty's father. You deſerve each other. If the money be not claimed, it is a property belonging to the poor, and you are of that number. I ſhall think I am complying with the will of Heaven, when I return it back into your hands.

The two young people went away quite ſatisfied with having done their duty; and remembering the ſweet hopes their miniſter had given them. He cauſed the bag and money to be cried in every pariſh round about his rectory; and printed bills to be diſperſed through every market town and village in the county. There were many who would willingly have claimed it, but they could not ſpecify the ſum, nor yet deſcribe the bag that held it.

In the interval, the miniſter, as will be ſeen, did not forget the promiſe he had made of doing every thing he could for Philip's happineſs: he put him ſoon into a little farm, provided him with money for the purchaſe of the ſtock he wanted, and before ſix months were over, married him to Patty. They had gained the very ſummit of their wiſhes, and gave ardent thanks to Heaven and their good Paſtor. Philip was induſtrious. Patty was employed about her houſe: they payed

their

their landlord with the greateſt regularity, ſubſiſted on the money left them, and were happy.

Two years now had paſſed, nor was the gold yet claimed: the miniſter conſidered it unneceſſary to wait any longer; but went with it to the virtuous couple, ſaying, when he put the bag into their hands: Enjoy, my children, the good bleſſing of God's providence. This bag, containing full five hundred guineas, has not been demanded by the owner; and is, therefore, juſtly yours. However, if hereafter you ſhould find the owner, you ſhould certainly reſtore it. Turn it, then, to ſuch a uſe as may but change its nature, and not leſſen it in point of value. Philip followed this advice. He thought of buying out the farm of which he then was nothing but the tenant, ſince the landlord meant to ſell it. It was valued ſomething higher than five hundred guineas, but for ready money, he might hope ſome diſcount in the price. The gold, which Philip looked on rather as a truſt committed to him, than his own, could not be better placed; for if the owner ever ſhould appear, he would not have occaſion to complain.

The miniſter approved of Philip's plan: the purchaſe was ſoon made: the tenant, now turned landlord, made the ground much more productive. He enjoyed, himſelf, that eaſe it had been his ambition to procure his well-beloved Patty. Two ſweet children bleſſed his

union

union with her. They took pleaſure in beholding their own image renovated in the tender pledges of their love. On his return from labour in the evening, Philip never failed of being welcomed by his wife, who conſtantly came out to meet him, with the children. Theſe he would careſs, and leave them, to embrace their mother, while the youngeſt wiped the ſweat off from his forehead, and the eldeſt ſtrove to eaſe him of the ſpade or rake he carried. Philip, with a ſmile at his weak efforts, would affectionately kiſs him, and thank heaven for thoſe rich preſents ſhowered upon him, in a faithful wife, and children like her.

Some years afterward, the miniſter departed, full of age and virtue. Philip wept at the idea of his loſs, and ſo did Patty likewiſe, as they could not but be ſenſible how much they owed him. This event inclined them to reflect upon themſelves. Dear Patty, ſaid the huſband, when our time is come, then we, however we are now united, ſhall die likewiſe, and our farm will be in the poſſeſſion of our children. 'Tis not truly ours, nor ever will be: if the owner of it ſhould appear, he would in that caſe be deprived for ever of it; and for our part, we ſhould carry with us to to the grave, his property. They could not bear this thought. Their delicacy, therefore, put them upon drawing up a declaration of the whole affair, in writing; which they got the moſt conſpicuous of the inhabitants to

ſign;

ſign; and then delivered it into the hands of the ſucceeding miniſter. This ſtep, which they conſidered neceſſary to enſure that reſtitution they ſuppoſed their children bound to, made them eaſy,

They had now been upwards of ten years eſtabliſhed in their farm, when Philip, coming home one morning from his labour in the fields, to dinner, ſaw two gentlemen before him in a phæton, that half a dozen minutes after overſet. He ran to give them his aſſiſtance, offered them the horſes from his plough for the conveyance of their baggage, and inſiſted on their coming in, for ſuch refreſhment as their accident made needful. They were not, however, hurt. This place, ſaid one of them, is very fatal to me; I muſt not expect to paſs it, I imagine, without ſome misfortune or another. Twelve years ſince, I loſt a deal of money hereabouts. I was returning from a fair, and had five hundred guineas in a bag, which ſome how or another, nigh this ſpot, was loſt. Five hundred guineas, ſir, ſaid Philip, who gave ear with great attention; did you make inquiry after having met with ſuch a loſs. I could not, ſaid the ſtranger; I was going to the Indies, and was then upon my way to Portſmouth; whither I was got, before I miſſed my bag. The ſhip was weighing anchor, and would not have waited for me. My inquiries, I conſidered, after all, might fail;

fail; and had they even proſpered, by delaying my departure, in that caſe, I ſhould have undergone a ſecond loſs much greater than the firſt was worth.

This converſation intereſted Philip, we may eaſily ſuppoſe; and therefore, he became more earneſt with the travellers to accept his offer. There was not a nearer houſe. They acquieſced with his intreaty; he went on before to ſhow the way, and met his wife, who was come out to ſee what accident had happened: he directed her to lay the cloth. While Patty was preparing dinner, he preſented them refreſhments, and contrived to turn the converſation on the loſs complained of. Philip did not doubt but that the time for reſtitution now was come. He went that moment to the miniſter's, informed him of the whole affair, and begged his company to dinner with the ſtrangers. He came with him, and was ſtruck with admiration at the joy of this good peaſant, on account of what muſt ruin him.

They all ſat down to dinner. Both the travellers could not refrain from wondering at the kind reception they had met with. They admired the order of their entertainer's cottage; his good heart, and frankneſs of behaviour; the engaging manner of his help-mate, and her great alertneſs; and careſſed the children. Philip, after the repaſt was finiſhed, ſhowed them his abode, his garden, ſheep-fold, flocks, and granaries. All this, ſaid he, addreſſing the firſt traveller

traveller he had ſpoke to, is your property: the gold you loſt, I lit on. Seeing no one owned it, I laid out the whole upon this farm, intending to reſtore it to the owner, ſhould he ever ſhow himſelf. You are not then to wonder that I call it yours. As I conſidered I might die before you claimed it, I had left a writing with the miniſter, eſtabliſhing your right.

The ſtranger in aſtoniſhment firſt read the paper, but returned it. He looked firſt at Philip, then at Patty, and their little ones. Where am I? and what is it I have heard? cried he at laſt. What a proceeding! what integrity! what nobleneſs of conduct! and in whom?

Have you, my friend, continued he, addreſſing Philip, any other property than this? No, none, ſir, anſwered Philip; but provided you ſhould keep it in your hands, I take it you will want a tenant, and I beg the preference. —Your integrity, replied the ſtranger, merits a much greater recompence. 'Tis now twelve years ſince I firſt loſt this money: it was your good luck to find it. Since which time, God's providence has bleſſed my undertakings. I had long ago forgot my loſs; and this day's reſtitution would, comparatively ſpeaking, hardly make me richer; while you merit, on the other hand, this little fortune. Providence thought fit to throw it in your way; and it would be an inſult to God's goodneſs, ſhould I take it from

from you. Keep, then, what you have deſerved ſo well. If it be neceſſary, I beſtow it on you. Who would have conſidered it his duty to conduct himſelf as you have done?

On this, he tore the paper. Such a glorious action, added he, ſhould not be buried in oblivion. There is no occaſion for a writing to ſecure my ceſſion. I will, notwithſtanding, have one properly drawn up, that your integrity may be perpetuated.

Philip and his ſpouſe would both have fallen proſtrate at the traveller's feet; but he prevented ſuch an action, and ſent inſtantly for an attorney, from the neighbouring town. He was inſtructed to draw out a deed of gift: the moſt diſintereſted, as he mentioned, he had ever been concerned in. Philip could not keep from ſhedding tears of tenderneſs and joy. Dear children, kneel, ſaid he, and thank your benefactor's generoſity. And Patty, bleſſed be God's providence, this farm is ours: we may enjoy it without trouble, or remorſe of conſcience.

THE

THE

# RIGHTEOUS MAN'S DECEASE.

BETWEEN the Iſthmus of Panama and the New Granada, at the bottom of the Cordillieres, thoſe towering hills that croſs Peru and Chili, and extend as far as to the Straits or narrow ocean of Magallan, in the land of Terra Firma, as tis called, there is an uninhabited extent of land, where nature ſeems to have exhauſted all her art, in the production of unnumbered miracles. Young poplars of a wonderous height, and odoriferous groves, compoſed of trees ſymmetrically placed, together with the beauteous river Oroonoko, that majeſtically rolling on its flood of waters through a ſpacious bed, is loſt at length, and as it were contracted into peaceful rills a great way off, yield ſuch a proſpect as the eye by no means can inſenſibly behold. This perſpective is bounded by thick foreſts, that make up, at ſuch a diſtance, the moſt charming horizon imagination can conceive.

In this delightful ſolitude, had Kador, an old hermit, lived, withdrawn from tumult a long ſpace of time. The good old man had paſſed away his life in converſe, there, with God, no leſs than forty years. Unmoved by paſſions, free from wiſhes, and without deſires, he ſeemed even innocence itſelf. His ſoul was penetrated with the love of truth. His conſcience was ſerene: his heart was ſatisfied. Wiſe almoſt from his youth, the love of virtue was in ſome ſort natural to him, and he followed without effort on his part, the grateful impulſe it communicated. Nothing troubled or diſturbed the even tenor of his life. He had grown old, as well as every object round about him, and not felt the progreſs of decay within him, ſince his ſoul had always been the ſame.

His cell, which he had made himſelf, was ſituated juſt below the ſummit of a hill, that ſcreened it from the northern winds. It was a tiſſue of thick leaves and ſods that time had covered over with a coat of moſs. It was ſurrounded by a green plantation of ſuch trees and other plants as were peculiar to the place, through which the entrance was but narrow, but which added to the beauty of the ruſtic habitation. A ſweet ſtream of water, that had formed itſelf hard by, into a channel, through the roots belonging to an ancient oak, was what firſt fixed the hermit in the place, where he had choſe his habitation. It was thither he

came daily, to allay his thirſt, and ſatisfy his want of food.

At one time he was taken up in cultivating a delightful garden he had planted juſt before his cave; and at another time, in making mounds to aſcertain its limits. He ſtretched out the branches, as they grew, of his proliſic eſpaliers, foreſaw the natural decay of what he had beforehand planted, and induſtriouſly renewed it. He was always ſtudying nature, and exploring her myſterious ſecrets; or with other occupations of the kind, diverting what would otherwiſe have been his tedious leiſure time.

One beauteous evening, Kador happened to be ſitting on a ſtone, cloſe by the entrance of his cell, and ſhaded by a Jeſſamine. His forehead, that had now become quite bald, was turned towards heaven, his countenance reſpired a perfect calm, and every thing about him ſavoured of true wiſdom.

How ſerene and beauteous is the firmament, ſaid he! How I delight to view that glorious azure! and thoſe white and purple clouds that are at preſent gradually covering the whole weſtern hemiſphere! O rich and pompous dome! whoſe proſpect fills me with ſuch holy tranſports, when ſhall I get free from earth, and contemplate the glorious brightneſs of thy Architect? But, ſhould I be impatient, when I almoſt touch the limit of my days? Were it not utterly unjuſt in me, to chide the lin-

gering pace of death, while heaven appears to have ſelected for me the moſt charming ſequeſtration, on the face of the whole globe, that I may lead a life as happy as the happieſt human being ever did before me? Every thing I ſee, is mine. I live in the enjoyment of the earth's rich preſents, and the beauteous ſcenes of nature. On whatever ſide I turn me, I ſee only ſmiling landſcapes. Yonder, I behold the cheering radiance of the ſun that now is finiſhing his courſe, and comes to glad my ſight. His dying beams that ſoon will be extinguiſhed in the chryſtal flood, afford me an affecting proſpect.

Here, too, the weak warblings of that little bird, who gradually ſinks into repoſe among yon branches, hold me out the picture of a ſage, that having reached the boundary of his career of virtue, ſinks into the peaceful ſlumber of the tomb. There lie the ruins of that ancient habitation, the old ſhepherd and his daughter lived in, who, when firſt I came into this deſert, rendered it leſs ſolitary to me. The ſimplicity I noted in their manners, charmed me. I ſincerely loved them; and particularly ſo, the ſhepherd, ſince his life was nothing but beneficence. He was the cauſe that in my youth I knew no care, but found enjoyment in a life divided from ſociety. Soon afterward, I ſaw him die, together with his daughter: they are buried under yon tall poplars. I have ſeen the ſcythe of time mow down their cottage:

tage: hardly now remains there any veſtige of it. Since the time it was inhabited, how many ſeaſons in ſucceſſion have rolled over me! how many changes happened in my obſervation! I have ſeen the moſs increaſe and thicken on the roof, I faſhioned to receive me, and the fineſt trees become dried trunks, without a branch proceeding from them! I have more than once beheld the thunderbolt plow up this green expanſion, and dig pits before me! I have ſeen the lightnings crumble into powder maſſy rocks, that nearly touched the ſky, and ſeemed immovable. I have perceived old age, this long while, ſilvering, as it were, my head; and felt his heavy fingers deep impreſs my cheek, where formerly the roſe of youth was bluſhing! Thus does the ſucceſſion of days, months, and ſeaſons draw on revolutions. But no doubt, the moment is now come, for paying my laſt tribute due to nature.

Upon this, the virtuous Kador feeling his whole ſtrength exhauſted in him, raiſed his voice as well as he was able, and called out in haſte for that young man who had for ſome years paſt partaken with him of his ſolitude. Misfortunes, greater than what geaerally are the lot of human beings, had firſt brought him thither. The enjoyment of the climate, and the good old hermit's fatherly attention, had entirely re-eſtabliſhed peace within him. Come, my ſon, ſaid Kador, with a voice almoſt extinguiſhed, come, and for the laſt time in this

world, embrace your dying friend. I find my eyes are now about to ſhut for ever; and my body reaſſuming its firſt form. Already is my ſpirit raiſed above the earth. Rejoice, then, for me. Though I go before you ſome few years, to happineſs, you ought not to complain. I have enjoyed a long ſucceſſion of good years. I have completed my career; and die contented. It is nothing but man's ignorance, reſpecting what ſhall be his ſtate hereafter, that can give him trouble, at the moment of his death: but everlaſting happineſs was pre-ordained to be the crown of our exiſtence here, and death enables us to gain poſſeſſion of it. If you loſe on earth, by my deceaſe, a mortal friend, I leave you one in heaven, who is eternal. 'Tis a guilty life alone that can deprive you of a right to God's protection. I bequeath you my ſmall heritage; continue ſuch a life as you have hitherto purſued, ſince with me; cultivate integrity and wiſdom, and have always in your view that happineſs which is to crown them in a future ſtate of being. Let not your laſt moments be profaned by any vulgar fear. And heaven, that ſheds its bleſſings on the good, will bring you to that future ſtate, as happily as I have reached it.

After I am dead, you ſhall take care to dig my tomb cloſe by the poplar, which is on that border of the river where it bathes my laſt plantation. That fair ſpot delighted me, while

I was

I was living; and 'tis there I wiſh my body may repoſe. I aſk this final bleſſing of your love. Farewell for ever,—good young man.—The earth recedes already.—The whole valley diſappears.—My race is finiſhed.—Once again farewell.—Lament not my deceaſe, but love my memory.—Never loſe ſight of that example heaven has been ſo gracious as to let me give you, and of courſe you will be virtuous.

At theſe words, the old man's eyes were cloſed without one ſtruggle, and he paſſed in ſome ſort, like an air-borne cloud inſenſibly diſperſed, and diſſipated in a ſky of azure. How compoſed and pleaſant is the virtuous man's laſt ſleep! The youth contemplated that venerable front, where yet the gracious form of virtue ſeemed imprinted; neither could he keep from ſighing. He embraced him. O dear father, you are, then, no more, ſaid he. You leave me in this ſolitude, without a ſingle friend to ſhare it with me. Who will be the light and entertainment of my eyes, in future? Who will be the comfort of my being?

His affliction was augmenting. Tears flowed copious down his cheek; but he remembered the laſt words of Kador, armed himſelf with courage, dried his tears up, and now thought of nothing but performing his laſt will. He took the body on his ſhoulders, and went forward with it to the allotted place of burial. Having reached the river, he put down his precious burden,

burden, and then dug the grave. He thought, while he was ſadly thus employed in this laſt work for Kador, that all nature, and whatever breathed throughout the region round him, wept together for his benefactor. When the work was finiſhed, he let down the body, and then ſtood conſidering it, nor could reſolve to throw the earth in, and fill up the grave. He felt his heart affected very powerfully: it was full of ſadneſs; and freſh tears eſcaped him. *Happy Kador*, was his exclamation, *you behold my weakneſs, but will not condemn it; being as you were my father, you inſtructed me to love you. I have loſt you. How then can I keep from weeping?*

It was now he threw in the firſt mold on Kador's body: he had covered half his face already, and ſtopped ſhort upon a ſudden. This is your laſt home then, ſaid the youth, and I ſhall never ſee you more. Heaven wills it ſhould be ſo; but I muſt always cheriſh the remembrance of you.

The whole body of the virtuous Hermit diſappeared at laſt; by this time, being wholly covered with the ſand, the youth compleated his friend's monument, he covered the whole ſpot with turf, and placed a ſtone above it, upon which he traced this ſhort inſcription: "Here lies the moſt virtuous of mankind."

This ended, he approached the ſtream, and uttered this ſhort prayer. "Great God! thy providence removed me from a vicious world to place

place me in this happy region, where I ſoon forgot my troubles, being ſheltered by the wing of wiſdom. I am left at laſt without a guide; but I atteſt the precious aſhes I have juſt this moment buried, that this ſtream ſhall ceaſe its flowing, and my tongue dry up within my lips, before I wander from the path thy ſervant traced me out to walk in.

Notwithſtanding Kador's death, God's providence allotted the young man a ſeries of bright years, ſucceeding one another. Every day he viſited the old man's tomb-ſtone to renew his oaths; and felt within him an aſſurance, that when death concluded his ſerenity and peace in this world, it would give him the enjoyment of ſerenity and peace ſtill greater in another.

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THE

# DOUBLE ADOPTION.

SOPHRONIMUS, in youth condemn'd to mourn
By tempeſts all his fortune from him torn,
And ſcorning his ungrateful native ſoil,
Liv'd tranquilly retir'd in Delos' Iſle.

Thus

Thus he, whoſe ſovereign, whoſe all-bounteous will
Draws bleſſings from misfortunes, good from ill,
In lieu of that vain wealth he once poſſeſt,
With virtue's better gifts had made him bleſt.
While happy he here liv'd, in length of time
A veſſel he beheld approach his clime,
And ſoon a venerable man deſcried,
Debarking on the iſland from its ſide.
Alarmed, for ſuch a ſight was there quite new,
Sophronimus at firſt retir'd from view,
But in a grove ſafe hid, behold, the while,
This venerable man ſurvey the iſle,
With wonder that increaſed, its numerous hills
In richeſt verdure clad, its mazy rills,
And fountains, whoſe pure breaſts the mingled glow
Of ſun and azure ſkies return'd below.
Sophronimus diſmiſſing all his fear,
(For gracious to be gaz'd at was the ſeer,
Manly as ſeem'd his port, erect, ſublime,
And ſilver'd his long beard thro' length of time)
Forth iſſu'd to accoſt the reverend man,
And thus, with ſalutation kind, began:
"Say, ſtranger, (if thou'rt ſuch in Phœbus' iſle)
What fortune brings thee to this lonely ſoil?
If to adore the God, behold where ſtand
The altar he vouchſafes; and I my hand
Thus tender, to conduct thy footſteps there;
For know, I fear the gods, and ſtrangers are their care."

To

To this the ſtranger gueſt: With joy I take
This offer, which with ſo much love you make,
And earneſt of the God here ruling, pray
With all things that are good your love to pay."
He ſpoke, and walking on,—with pious tone,
Why hither he was come, thus brief made known:
"Ariſton am I call'd; my native place
A city in Ionia's ample ſpace,
Clazomenæ its name. While yet a child,
My ſire, who for a numerous houſe ſore toil'd,
Expos'd me in the night at Theos bare;
The babe of his own loins deſerting there.
By a poor widow found, her hireling love
Adminiſter'd the means by which I throve;
And when in ſome few years, ſhe ſaw me grown
In ſervice not unfit to toil alone,—
Transferr'd me for a price to one who made
Of wretches, like myſelf, a cruel trade.
With him, thro' Aſia's wide-ſtretch'd realms I went
Deſponding, and my way to Licia bent.
Where come, on the full mart with others rang'd,
My ſervitude, ere long, anew I chang'd:
A ſage from Pataros my price paid down,
And bore me to his houſe and native town.
Alcinus long I ſerv'd; (for ſuch his name
Whoſe bondman I was now, a lord of fame
In Licia's land well known); nor ſerv'd unpaid
The bountiful, juſt man, the man that made

Ariſton

Ariſton what he is; for waving all
A rigid maſter's right, and pleas'd to call
A purchas'd ſlave his ſon, that purchas'd ſlave
To ſtudy Phœbus' arts his goodneſs gave.
I practis'd to command the trembling ſtring,
Aſcending while I play'd on rapture's wing;
But more than all, ſtrove hard that art to gain,
Call'd pharmacy by men, nor ſtrove in vain.
With love that ſtill increas'd, Alcinus ſaw
His cares ſo well repaid; and now, as law
Directed, made me free. From Licia's land
In haſte, to Licaonia's ſea-beat ſtrand,
Whoſe king indulging on life's ſumptuous fare
Lay ſtretch'd on a ſick bed, Alcinus' care
Equipp'd and ſent me forth. I croſs'd the wave,
And landing on his coaſt, my ſuccour gave,
Succeeding in the taſk: what wonder then,
In wealth if I ſurpaſs'd all other men?
In future hours of feaſt, to guard his health,
I tarried in his court with added wealth.
Till, as it chanc'd, a malady at length
He felt, nor could my art ſubdue its ſtrength.
He died; when with my wealth, I croſs'd once more
The watry realm, to land on Licia's ſhore.
At Licia I debark'd, but tidings dire
There ſtruck me like Jove's bolt: my ſecond ſire,
Alcinus, was no more. To raiſe beſide
The meaſure of my griefs, I learn'd he died
By poverty depreſs'd. With gloomy mind
From Pataros I haſte his grave to find,

His

His monumental ſtone afflicted raiſe,
And write with my own hand the good man's praiſe.
Then anxious to relieve his pining race
From poverty's fell gripe, I aſk the place
Their miſery had choſe out? when thus reply,
Thoſe near me, (the big drop in every eye.)
"All, all of them, ſave one, in earlieſt bloom
Sunk premature from life, and fill'd the tomb;
And he, as we have heard, late ſteering o'er
Carpathia's ſea, was ſhipwreck'd far from ſhore."
With tears I heard the news, and deeming now
Alcinus' name extinct, I ſtudied how
My wealth might be employ'd. With grief oppreſs'd,
I purchas'd the rich fields he once poſſeſs'd.
One object thro' the place I could not ſee,
One river, or one mead, one hill, one tree,
But calling him to mind, my heart anew
Stream'd copious, and with tears obſcur'd my view.
Thus fix'd in my calm ſeat, from tumult free,
Each morning my friend's tomb I went to ſee.
And happy was my lot: but ſoon, the time
Call'd me compulſive to my native clime.
By accident, I heard my ſire was dead;
His children poorly left; and, grieving, ſpread
For Clazomen my ſail, from Licia's ſhore
Departing, to come back, I fear'd, no more.

To Clazomen I came; enquiring out
The dwelling of my kin: but firſt, from doubt
Of what might be their love, in poor array
Equipp'd me at the port; then took the way
By paſſers pointed out,—arrived, made known
My family and name; (my wealth alone
Concealing while I ſpoke;) and claim'd ſome ſhare
Of what my ſire had left; his equal heir.
But they deny'd my ſuit, a brother drove
Unkindly from their door, and jointly ſtrove
To controvert my birth: when, lo, to make
Their puniſhment complete, and vengeance take
For ſuch unnatural hate,—from Licia's ſhore,
I ſhow'd them the vaſt wealth my veſſel bore.
Aſtoniſh'd at the ſight, my brothers all
Deplor'd what they had done, and tears let fall
Of undiſſembled griefs: but tears were vain.
By ev'ry power I ſwore, no tears ſhould gain
Aſcendance o'er my oath. At length, my friend,
Mov'd as I was their grief at once to end,
I pardon'd from that hour what they had been;
I cheriſh'd them with love; I took them in.
And bounteouſly profuſe, to all I gave
What means themſelves thought meet to plow the wave.
But age, as you behold, has ſilver'd o'er
My low declining head; my cheek no more
Exults in its firſt glow, and wrinkles now
Diſfigure my once ſmooth, once poliſh'd brow.
Yet anxious to behold that happy coaſt,
That Licia, on whoſe banks, whate'er I boaſt

Of

Of ſcience or of worth, my well-taught mind
In early youth imbib'd, I left behind
The Clazomenian ſhore: but learn'd of one
Then trafficking—the Cyclades among,
That in the Delian Iſle there ſtill abode
A remnant of that houſe to which I ow'd
Whatever I poſſeſs'd. I turn'd aſide
My rout, on hearing this, and ſtem'd the tide
On Delos' coaſt to land: the God of day,
Whoſe auſpices I crav'd, has ſmooth'd my way
That my Lord's offspring I might ſee, and ſhow
How much to my dear maſter's love I owe,
Expreſſing it in tears: then anſwer now;
Speak,—ſpeak to my full heart: unfold, oh thou
Reſiding with him here,—this virtuous heir
Of all the Lician's wants, inform me where
The orphan mourner bides; and may'ſt thou live
Of every joy to taſte heaven's hand can give."
While thus Ariſton ſpeaks, diſſolv'd in tears
Abundant as his own, the Delian hears,
And "Father," then exclaims, "myſelf am he
Your piety explores: in me, in me,
That offspring you behold. To this much more
The Delian would have added, but gave o'er.
As now the ſacred temple roſe to view:
They enter'd, and their victims pious ſlew,
Of ſpotleſs lambs, a pair; theſe both they lay
Devoutly on his fane who rules the day.

And while thick clouds of grateful incenſe riſe,
That mounting o'er the dome, perfume the ſkies,
Record with ſolemn hymns the Godhead's praiſe,
Who darts around the world his genial rays,
Bids copious harveſts ſpring from nature's womb,
Diverſified with vegetative bloom;
With emanations bright, with beams refin'd
Of godlike ſcience, fills the human mind;
And full of inſpiration, warms the NINE
With energy to ſwell the ſong divine.
Well pleas'd the ſtrain of human praiſe to hear,
The liſt'ning god approves from heav'n's high ſphere.
The rite completed thus, they bend their way
In converſe to conſume the remnant day.
Sophronimus heaps high the friendly board,
With every varied fruit his fields afford,
The meal they ſhare, till night obſcures the ſky,
Then proſtrate on ſoft beds of foliage lie;
And when return'd, bright Phœbus' orb again
Flames in the Eaſt, juſt riſing o'er the main,
Of Delos they take leave; their liquid way
Cut proſperous, and ſoon gain the Lician bay.
They gain it, and debark where Xanthus raves,
And laſhes the whole ſhore with frothy waves;
Then trace the winding ſtream. On Xanthus' ſide,
Exalted to the clouds in antient pride

Umbra-

Umbrageous popiars riſe; while golden ears
Thick ſown, as in Sicilia's iſle, appears,
The land by Ceres lov'd, conceal'd the ground;
And ſtretch'd to the tall range of mountains round,
An amphitheatre that propp'd the ſky
With hills ſuſtaining hills regal'd the eye;
Deep in whoſe boſom the fair manſion roſe
Where once Alcinus liv'd in ſweet repoſe.
They enter; and the Delian's generous hoſt
His ſlaves employing much, himſelf the moſt,
Prepares a glad repaſt. Amid thoſe ſtores
The Clazomenian's bounty amply pours,
No life deſtroying food, but milk alone
Such beverage, as long ſince, a god was known,
When ſerving for reward a mortal king,
At evening from the folds himſelf to bring,
Pure honey, bluſhing fruits, and ſparkling wine,
Not yielding to the draught of lips divine,
In curiouſly-wrought cups Ariſton gave;
And happy to be now himſelf a ſlave,
The ſerving train diſmiſs'd, then bade his friend,
Vouchſafing the poor meal, his hand extend,
"While I," continued he, "obſequious ſtand,
Fit office, ſtationed here at your left hand,
And duteous fill your cup: for ne'er, my friend,
Ariſton ſhall be brought his knee to bend,
Save only as a ſlave, where once ſo long
Alcinus he obey'd, when young and ſtrong:
'Twas here, juſt on this ſpot, the reverend man
Was ever wont to dine; there firſt began

To meditate at morn; there ſpent the day,
Converſing with his friends;—there ſhaded lay
Secure from the ſun's beams: there turn'd the ſage,
Great Homer, or ſtill greater, Heſiod's page,
And there, till the return of morning's light
Invited him to riſe, repos'd all night.
Now, finiſh'd the repaſt, Ariſton led
The Delian to his meads; where widely ſpread
His cattle ſtrew'd the plain: his thoughts he read
Deep written on his face, when thus he ſaid:
"With joy Sophronimus, at length, I ſee
A kinſman of that friend who bore to me
A fatherly regard, ſurviving ſtill
His anceſtors' domain to take and till.
This houſe then that was his, enjoy in peace.
Live happily and long, nor dying ceaſe
In future, when life's race is run, to know
What recompence the gods on worth beſtow."
He ſaid; and in each form preſcrib'd by law,
Of all that he had there, of all he ſaw,
His manſion, and his flocks, his garden's ſhade,
And foreſts, to his gueſt donation made.
And for Clazomenæ then ſought the tide,
Where floated his tall bark, and climb'd the ſide.
At Clazomen, the bark impell'd along
By breezes from the Eaſt benign and ſtrong,
Soon happily arriv'd. Of all his kin,
A murmur to his ear durſt no one bring,
For gathering his whole houſe, the virtuous man,
As ſoon as he arriv'd, thus firm began:

"Know

" Know each of you, my fix'd, my final will,
And ſee too that my wiſhes you fulfil.
If one among you here ſhall dare conteſt
The bounty of my hand, the juſt bequeſt
Sophronimus enjoys, I ſet aſide
All, all of you at once; not he ally'd
The neareſt me, excepted; and in lieu
Give to the poor my wealth, too good for you."
Thus caution'd, he diſmiſs'd them: while the ſage
Liv'd happy, and enjoy'd a good old age;
And each returning year, to Licia's ſhore,
Steer'd from Clazomenæ his gally o'er.
Turn'd ever to the ſea when ſpring drew nigh,
Sophronimus ſent forth his longing eye,
Nor could to age in blindneſs, light reſtor'd,
Light after long, long darkneſs, joy afford
Equal to that Alcinus' offspring knew,
Whenever his friend's bark appear'd in view.
One ſeaſon it came not. Oppreſs'd he moan'd;
With lamentations loud he ſigh'd and groan'd;
Upon his cheek ſat grief, diſtreſs, and fear;
Nor night ſucceeding night, did ſleep come near
His eye that wanted reſt. The choiceſt meat,
Once exquiſite of taſte, no more was ſweet.
From the firſt dawn till night, his cheerleſs ſtand
He took on the laſt limits of the land,
And every paſſing bark he hop'd in vain
From Clazomen was come. At length, full plain,
The veſſel he deſcry'd. His grief, his tears,
Are inſtant done away; his baniſh'd fears

To

To ſprightly joys give place: but oh! too ſoon
Redoubled they return. His ſpirits ſwoon,
No longer lives the ſire, his ancient friend.
Their paſſage from the beach the ſeamen bend.
While circled by his houſe, the good man lay
Expecting the bleſs'd call to realms of day,
From midnight darkneſs here, they come to tell
With joy reſigning life Ariſton fell:
And in an urn collected, bear his duſt,
In Licia to inter their ſacred truſt.
Sophronimus ſtands fix'd; while tears too well
Without the ſeamen's tongues their meſſage tell:
Till coming to himſelf, the friend began,
While from his eye a flood of ſorrow ran
Diffuſive o'er the urn, which then he held:
" Oh, ſage, by none in thy paſt days excell'd!
Theſe arms then muſt embrace thee now no more,
Or ſtrain thee to my boſom o'er and o'er.
Oh, would to heav'n! with thee, I might but go
And ſhare in thy rewards decreed below.
All gratitude was fled from ev'ry land,
Till it return'd again thro' thy bleſt land
That heap'd ſo much on me. 'Twas thou, great ſage,
With virtues that adorn'd the golden age,
Didſt mitigate our own of ſtubborn ſteel,
And teach a rude barbarian race to *feel*.
Sleep then, dear ſhade, in peace. When, when ſhall I
To dwell with thee in bliſs take wing and fly?

Teach

Teach me, till then, thy abſence how to bear;
And if in heavenly realms, but one, one care
For what is done on earth, may happ'ly ſtill
Thy faculties engroſs, behold thy will
Implicitly perform'd: behold me, truſt
This guardian of thy dear, thy hallow'd duſt
With reverence, to the tomb where now repoſe
The aſhes of thy friend ſecure from woes.
This while I do, look down and preſent ſtill,
Tho' flying my groſs touch, vouchſafe to fill
My boſom with thy form. To thee I ow'd
Each bleſſing of my life; from thee it flow'd:
And never ſhall thy love, dear ſhade, depart
The mournful manſion of my bleeding heart.
Thus ſpeaking,—in the tomb the urn (firſt grac'd
With wreaths of funeral hew) the Delian plac'd.
A blazing torch is brought; the kindled fire
Mounts up in many a fragrant, forky ſpire,
Impregnating the air; while milk and wine,
In large libations pour'd, their incenſe join,
And gratify the God who rules below,
The pure abode of bliſs, and realms of woe.
The ſacrifice thus done,—from year to year,
To eternize in fame a pair ſo dear,
Sophronimus decreed thoſe fires ſhould burn
In honour of their ſhades, at each return
Of autumn to the ſwain; and funeral games
Spread thro' the wide world round their ſplendid names.
To Xanthus and the tomb, from diſtant lands
Of emulating youths come numerous bands:

From

From Caria's inland realm and ſea-beat ſhores,
Where Ceres ſcatters wide redundant ſtores;
From regions where Meander rolls his waves,
As amorous of the land their current laves.
Pactolus, from thy ſands that, ſtrange to tell,
Suffuſe the flood with gold whene'er they ſwell;
From where Pamphylia's ſwains their homage pay
Devoutly to that God who rules the day;
To Ceres, Flora, and the ruſſet fair,
Adorn'd, as her own fruits, with added pray'r,
Their future fields to bleſs: from where, at laſt,
Cilicia's plains lie ſtretch'd. Expanſion vaſt,
Where wafted from each mead, from hills, from vales,
From ſhrub, from tree and flow'r, by vernal gales,
Unnumber'd ſweets kiſs heaven; while downward roll'd,
From Taurus' ancient top, the ſeats of cold
Diſſolving torrents flow—Year after year,
From Aſia's numerous realms, her ſons appear
To urge their ſolemn ſport: and gath'ring round
The monumental pile with fillets crown'd,
And in white garments dreſs'd, a virgin throng,
Soft, beautiful, and pure, attune the ſong.
Their ſong was human, but the theme ſublime,
—That virtue ever boaſts immortal prime;
And precious in his ſight who rules the ſky,
While time exiſts below ſhall never die,
But flouriſh thro' eternity's long courſe on high

IMPU-

# IMPUDENCE IS NOT BRAVERY.

SCENE *(a Garden.)*

TWO PRÆCEPTORS.

FIRST PRÆCEPTOR.

WELL, ſir, how are matters ſituated with reſpect to you and that ſame teſty pupil you are troubled with? Does he continue ſtill to plague you with his tricks?

SECOND PRÆCEPTOR. Continue ſtill! Ah, ſir, he ſhows himſelf, on all occaſions, the moſt haughty and inſulting child you can imagine: add to this, a mother who conſiders as a virtue every thing I cenſure on him. If he utters a ridiculous expreſſion, 'tis a livelineſs of wit and ſpirit. If he vents his ſpite on any perſon, 'tis but a vivacity of parts. In ſhort, whatever my inſtruction might effect upon him, is from day to day deſtroyed by the miſtaking tenderneſs

derneſs her ladyſhip, his mother, every day evinces in her conduct towards him.

FIRST PRÆCEPTOR. Let us candidly acknowledge, our profeſſion is a wretched one, when we would recommend good principles of education to our pupils, and find parents ſo ridiculous as to defeat whatever we would wiſh to do.

SECOND PRÆCEPTOR. 'Tis a perpetual galleyſlave's employ, in which we row all day, and frequently are ſhipwreck'd, notwithſtanding all our efforts to obtain the port.

FIRST PRÆCEPTOR. Your argument is very reaſonable; and 'tis thus in general, with the affair of education now-a-days. Fond parents conſtantly ſpoil every thing by their behaviour, and that wiſh they entertain to bring their children out into the world before their morals are well fixed. What proves the conſequence of this? Why, children, in their infancy, as I may ſay, purſue the examples of the world, which are in general corrupt ones. Talk to them of this!—You might as well expect a wall would hear you.

SECOND PRÆCEPTOR. Well, I promiſe you this little Lord ſhall be the laſt I undertake.

FIRST PRÆCEPTOR. For my part, I have no occaſion to complain in any manner of my pupil: he is really the meekeſt and beſt-tempered little fellow in the world. His parents are ſuch reaſonable people, that I do what I think

think proper; and to ſay the truth, he will turn out an admirable man. There is but one conſideration that diſturbs me. He is meant to go into the army; and, I fear, his preſent meekneſs or timidity will be an obſtacle in future to his riſing. If I muſt ſpeak plainly, I have reaſon to believe he will incline to the poltron.

SECOND PRÆCEPTOR. Oh, I can tell you, there's no fear of that reſpecting mine: he is the ſaucieſt little gentleman you can imagine. One would think he only wiſhes to grow bigger, for the privilege of cuffing others; to do which, even now he will not heſitate to pick a quarrel. I am much afraid when he is got into the army, he will ſuffer cruelly by reaſon of this diſpoſition; for it is not probable he will be borne with there.

FIRST PRÆCEPTOR. No; that you may be ſure of.

SECOND PRÆCEPTOR. And with this, remember likewiſe, as I juſt now told you, the ſtrange folly of his mother, who conſiders his defects as if they were ſo many beauties, and does nothing to avert the danger. He was laſt year over, as you know, in France, where every child, whoſe parents are above the common claſs of people, wears a ſword. This, he remarked; and ſaid to me, he wiſhed it was the cuſtom likewiſe here: he promiſed he would have a very long one in that caſe; and not permit it to be made in ſuch a manner, that the

blade could not be drawn out of the ſcabbard, as the cuſtom likewiſe is in France, for little children.

First Præceptor. Oh, had mine a ſword, the blade, I fancy, would be faſt enough; for I ſuſpect he never would have heart enough to draw it out, unleſs he were compelled. And this deficiency of a proper courage is the article that gives me pain.

Second Præceptor. For my part, I ſhould rather have your pain than mine. Your pupil lets you have, or I am very much miſtaken, many minutes to yourſelf; whereas I muſt not let his little lordſhip be a minute out of ſight. When he is grown a man, and I am well rid of him, ſhould he get himſelf into diſgrace, or even killed, he muſt conſider it his own affair.

First Præceptor. You are extremely happy, I muſt own, in this indifference for your pupil. It would be impoſſible, that I ſhould be of ſuch a temper; for in future, I ſhall intereſt myſelf in every circumſtance befalling mine, as much as I am now concerned for his well doing. In a word, I am of ſuch a turn, as to reproach myſelf beforehand, with thoſe faults he may incur in future, juſt as if I thought I were the cauſe thereof. If he ſhould turn out a bad man, when he is come into the world, I think I ſhould afflict myſelf to death at the idea of it.

SECOND PRÆCEPTOR. This would be carrying matters far indeed!

FIRST PRÆCEPTOR. But what would your indifference do? However, every one muſt readily excuſe you, that is told what contradictions you are daily made to undergo, while I ſhould be without excuſe. But ſure, I ſee our little gentlemen. Yes, there they are. And what can be the matter with them? By their geſtures, they ſeem quarrelling with one another.

SECOND PRÆCEPTOR. Yes, indeed; and they are coming this way. Let us get behind the hedge, which will conceal us, while we ſtand and liſten to them. We ſhall know, by that means, what at preſent agitates them in this manner.

FIRST PRÆCEPTOR. Good! let us withdraw, or they will be upon us.

Lord BULLY *(entering with Placido, when the two Præceptors are withdrawn: he has two ſwords under his arm, and in his hand a cane, with which he throws up, as he walks, the little pebbles on the ground.)* Well, ſir, if you think yourſelf ill uſed, have you a mind to challenge me? That would be laughable enough!

PLACIDO. Falſe pleaſantry! that far from ſatisfying me, increaſes your inſulting treatment of my ſiſter, and compels me to be angry with you.

Lord BULLY *(ſtill playing with his cane.)* Angry with me!—You! Oh, what a great misfortune!

fortune! But why angry with me? juſt as if you were a baby: is it my fault, pray?

PLACIDO. Yes, yours entirely; and you know it is: becauſe my ſiſter cannot learn at once a game you undertake to teach us, why preſume to tell her ſhe is nothing but a ſtupid dunce.

Lord BULLY. Preſume! Take care, my little merchant's ſon, or I may teach you better language. Yes, your ſiſter is a little dunce. I told her ſo; but there was no preſumption in the caſe, it being true.

PLACIDO. If you perſiſt in this behaviour, you will force me to convince you, that my ſiſter and myſelf do not deſerve your inſults. You may poſſibly repent of what you are about at preſent.

Lord BULLY. Softly! ſoftly! You intend then to complain to my preceptor. And what then? Ah! ah! as if I ſtood in fear of him! He is a chuckle-head as well as you, and I do with him what I pleaſe. I fancy you expect to make him whip me, juſt as yours does you! Ah! ah!

PLACIDO. You are reſolved to do whatever you are able, I can ſee, to make me loſe all patience. But be ſure, ſir, you will loſe your aim. I care not for the ſwords you have brought out. They are my lord's, and till ſuch time as you are old enough to wear a ſword, you can have no pretext to fight a duel. In a word,

word, I am come here that you may aſk my ſiſter's pardon: Will you do ſo, ſir, or not?

Lord BULLY. Oh, aſk her pardon! No, ſir; for I called your ſiſter what I thought was proper for her; and I call you likewiſe nothing but a child, whoſe impudence I will chaſtiſe upon the ſpot, unleſs you hold your tongue.

PLACIDO. This is too much. I thought to ſhow you your ill uſage; and inſtead of aſking pardon, you inſult me: therefore, as by bringing out theſe words you ſeem deſirous of a duel, I *do* challenge you. Let me have one. *(He ſnatches one of the ſwords.)* Come here into this corner, ſo that no one may obſerve us. You ſhall ſee, if I am ſuch a chit as you are pleaſed to call me.

Lord BULLY. Well, with all my heart.—How ſhall I ſee it? *(Aſide.)* But methinks he ſhows more courage than I hoped he would do. *(Aloud.)* You are very brave, becauſe you know I cannot challenge you to fight with ſwords, as you have never learnt the uſe of one; whereas I have. However, be perſuaded, my poor little fellow, I can lay my cane acroſs your ſhoulders, and that way correct your ſpeech. But no: draw you your ſword, if you are not afraid to do ſo; and for my part, I will uſe this ſupple cane, *(throwing down the ſword.)* Come, come; this will be pure diverſion for me.

PLACIDO. This will be a proper place, and no one can obſerve us. *(Drawing the ſword.)*

Pray take notice, I am not afraid to draw my ſword. Now let me ſee, if you have courage to draw yours.

Lord BULLY. But what are we about, Placido? ſhould we think of killing one another for a trifle?

PLACIDO. Tis no trifle now; unleſs you promiſe you will aſk my pardon. Promiſe you will do ſo, or elſe draw this moment.

Lord BULLY. Are you mad, Placido? I have learned to fence, and therefore have a great advantage.

PLACIDO. And I, ſir, have courage; and with that, can fight as well as you with all your fencing.

Lord BULLY. But, ſuppoſe we were to kill each other? it would be a great misfortune.

PLACIDO. You begin, I ſee, to be afraid; ſo aſk my ſiſter's pardon, or elſe fight.

Lord BULLY. Well, I will aſk her pardon, then; for I am nearly ſix months older than you are, and ſhould be wiſer: but, Placido, promiſe me, too, you will never ſpeak a word of this to any one.

PLACIDO. With all my heart.

Lord BULLY *(perceiving the two præceptors, and aſide.)* Ah, ah, what is it I obſerve? We ſhall be ſeparated: therefore, I may ſafely play the heroe, and retract my promiſe. *(Aloud)* After all, I am too good I think, *(he takes up the ſword)* and will conſent to fight you, ſince you force me.

SECOND PRÆCEPTOR *(with the other, coming from behind the hedge, and ruſhing in between them.)* Well, young gentlemen, what, pray, are you about?

Lord BULLY *(while Placido ſheaths his ſword.)* Dont interrupt me, ſir, while I correct that little chit there.

PLACIDO. Oh my great Lord Bully, do not be ſo valiant now; but let us thank our tutors, and requeſt them to declare which of their pupils now is in the wrong. That will be better.

SECOND PRÆCEPTOR. We have heard the whole. And you *(to the little Lord)* are in the wrong: ſo much ſo, that the boys, while you are walking in the ſtreets, would hoot you, did they know it.

FIRST PRÆCEPTOR. Ah, my dear Placido, you have acted like a little heroe!

PLACIDO. He inſulted me beyond all patience; but dont vex my Lord, by telling the affair to any one. I had much rather every thing ſhould be forgotten. Pray perſuade his Lordſhip's tutor to conceal it.

Lord BULLY. Yes, pray do: I beg it of you as a favour.

SECOND PRÆCEPTOR. Yes; but on condition you requeſt the little Lady's pardon.

Lord BULLY. I will do whatever you think proper.

SECOND PRÆCEPTOR. And ſee here ſhe comes, quite a propos. When ſhe is near us,

beg

beg her pardon handſomely, or I ſhall tell the whole affair to every body in the houſe, and elſewhere, likewiſe.

PLACIDA *(coming in.)* Brother, I was looking for you, being quite uneaſy, as I ſaw you through the window, go into the garden, threatening one another. I began to fear your quarrel upon my account——

SECOND PRÆCEPTOR *(to Lord Bully.)* Come, ſpeak.

Lord BULLY. My dear young Lady, I was in the wrong to call you what I did, when we were playing with each other. I am ſorry for it. I requeſt your pardon, and intreat you will not tell what I have done, to any body.

PLACIDA. Do not mention it.—You ſay ſo many things when in a paſſion.—Had it not been for my brother, who I ſaw was vexed, I never ſhould have ſaid a word about it.

FIRST PRÆCEPTOR. Shake hands now, and every thing will then be ſettled.

SECOND PRÆCEPTOR. Yes; but let my pupil look, in future, on his own behaviour, and the conduct of Placido and his ſiſter, as a leſſon for him.

FIRST PRÆCEPTOR. Yes, he will do ſo. Go in, all three, and ſeem as if this matter had not happened.

Lord BULLY. You will never mention it yourſelf, to any one?

FIRST PRÆCEPTOR. I will not.

SECOND PRÆCEPTOR. Nor I, either.

PLACIDA.

PLACIDA. Nor will we. Shake hands once more; and let us be good friends. (*They all three go up into the houſe.*)

SECOND PRÆCEPTOR. Well, ſir, we have been both deceived, as you obſerve, in theſe two children. How much pleaſure muſt you not receive from having ſuch a pupil as Placido. How forgiving and how brave he is!

FIRST PRÆCEPTOR. I am delighted with him, and ſincerely pity you, that have to manage ſuch a little tyrant, who takes on him to inſult and hector only when he thinks he is the ſtronger.

SECOND PRÆCEPTOR. This affair, perhaps, will teach him better manners.

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THE

# BLESSING

OF

# GOOD CHILDREN.

I WAS born in Wales, and of a father who, by way of fortune, left me no inheritance upon his death bed, but that virtue he had been

been remarked for. By his conduct, he had got into employ of conſequence, which he diſcharged with honour, and amaſſed a tolerable fortune; when a long and tedious malady, which hurt his conſtitution greatly, forced him to give up all buſineſs, at a time of life which muſt be looked upon as rather early. He was only fifty when this happened.

Hardly had he ſettled in the place of his retreat from buſineſs, when the failure of a banker ſwept away two thirds of all he had. The ſole reſource now left him was this place, to which he had retreated, and ſome houſes in a village near it, which produced him but a very little to ſupport himſelf, his wife, and children, who were two; a girl of ten, and I who was but nine.

My mother had a very great affection for us; and, on that account, with leſs philoſophy endured the afflicting proſpect of our being rendered poor. Whatever was her virtue, it ſunk under at the blow thus levelled at her. The œconomy with which ſhe was obliged to live, the parting with a thouſand little comforts and conveniences, ſhe had indulged us in, and which we were to be deprived of for the time to come; the ſorrow of beholding her dear little ones become her ſervants; and, in ſhort, that dumb, as ſhe would call it, that dumb ſorrow ſhe beheld upon our countenances every time ſhe looked upon us;—all theſe circumſtances brought her to a ſtate of ſuch affliction as to render

render her no longer miſtreſs of herſelf. She could not turn her obſervation on us, but ſhe wept. My father, too, that loved her, and us likewiſe, frequently would weep himſelf, but always left the apartment where they were, when he beheld her tears.

One day as I was gathering apples in the orchard, I ſurpriſed them talking to each other; and by favour of a hedge, heard every word they ſaid. My mother gave a ſigh, at which my father thus addreſſed her:

In the infancy, ſaid he, of our misfortunes, I was far from blaming the exceſs of your affliction. You indulged yourſelf therein, and I kept ſilence. Tis not to be wondered at, that reaſon ſhould at firſt give way beneath misfortune; the emotions of our nature ought to have free courſe: but we return, at laſt, if I may ſay ſo, to ourſelves, and find ſome conſolation: while, alas, dear Eſther, you find none. I have devoured my ſorrows, fearing I might heighten yours; whereas you put no manner of reſtraint upon yourſelf. You kill me, but perceive not, in the interim, your work. I love our children equally with you, and am as ſenſible of that misfortune, which has taken from them what it was my hope they would have had, when we were in our graves.

Beſides, I am infirm, and in the common courſe of things, you will ſurvive me: who then, if you let affliction thus ſubdue your ſpirits,

ſpirits, will look to them? What can you imagine paſſes in my heart, when I ſpeak to you thus? For thirty years, that we have lived together ſo affectionately, have I not afforded proof ſufficient of the intereſt I take in every thing concerning you? Are not my ſorrows, ſuch as Providence has pleaſed they ſhould be, burdenſome enough? Will you increaſe their preſſure? Every day my conſtitution weakens; and my age, that ſtands in need of comfort, is bnt too much perſecuted. Do not, therefore, on your part, diſtreſs me further. You have always had a veneration for religion. I was conſtantly ſupported by the hope that we ſhould be of mutual comfort to each other; but, alas! all hope at once forſakes me. God, perhaps, decrees that I ſhould die ſurrounded with diſtreſs and deſolation. It has pleaſed him to deprive me of my property and health; while you deprive me of the ſatisfaction I ſhould have in ſeeing you ſubmiſſive to his will. That was the only bleſſing, in my ſituation, I could hope to have; the only peace my heart could taſte of; and your virtue promiſed me as much; but every thing is cruelly refuſed me. Sorrow muſt purſue me to the grave; and God makes trial of me to the final moment of my life.

I heard thus far; but afterwards no other than a mixture of deep ſighs, and half articulated words, upon my mother's part, that pierced me to the ſoul. Of courſe, I was withdrawing,

withdrawing, when my father, taking up again the converſation, raiſed his voice as high as he had done before, and fixed me to the ſpot for ſome time longer.

Do not hurt your mind, ſaid he, by ruminating on the hapleſs deſtination of our children. George has noble ſentiments of honour, and his ſiſter has been trained to virtue. Let us therefore baniſh every melancholy thought that would unman us, and give up our faculties to the important point of cultivating in their heart, theſe happy diſpoſitions. Since the time of that misfortune which has happened to us, I have happily diſcovered they are both of ſuch a turn as charms me. They have ſeen you weep by reaſon of the little fortune left us, they have ſeen me likewiſe grievouſly afflicted at that fatal circumſtance, and neither have your tears, or my diſtreſs, been noted by them, without ſtirring up a ſpirit of becoming gratitude within their hearts; and our affliction upon their account, has warmed their love on ours. I have remarked it in a thouſand little inſtances, and own with pride, it gives me very favourable notions of them. Let us, then, improve this diſpoſition they are in. This is the moment fit for their inſtruction: never will their hearts be in reality more docile than at preſent.

Here my father ended; and ſome ſhort time after went into the houſe. I got away, myſelf, as ſoftly as I could; but met my ſiſter on the

way, who, as ſhe ſaw me very ſerious, aſked what ailed me? I went with her up into the houſe; and being got into the parlour, ſaid: Ah, ſiſter! had you only heard the converſation that has juſt now paſſed between my father and my mother, upon our account, as I have done, you would, in that caſe, be as much afflicted as myſelf. I was not very diſtant from the arbour where they ſat converſing, but unſeen. My mother ſtill laments our being ruined, as ſhe ſays, and loves us far too much; ſo much that we ſhall ſurely be the occaſion of her death. My father does whatever he can think of to conſole her, and has need himſelf of conſolation. You well know, he never has his perfect heath. My mother has been always ill for ſome time paſt. Tis very likely we ſhall loſe them both. They cannot, ſiſter, long ſtand up againſt the grief oppreſſing them; and what then would become of us? What ſhould we do, without them? Who would love us half ſo much as they do? Shall we find it poſſible to live, when ſeparated from them? we, that never had a friend excepting them? No, no; and therefore, ſiſter, I ſhall rather die, than be abandoned as we ſhall be.

We are not ſo badly off, replied the ſiſter, as that comes to, yet. Dont get ſuch melancholy thoughts into your head; and more particularly, take care how you weep before them. That would grieve them more than every thing beſide. Let us, upon the other hand,

endeavour

endeavour to be chearful; that will, poſſibly, diminiſh their affliction. They who love us ſo exceedingly, deſerve we ſhould do every thing we can, for them.

My father, who had ſome how or another, heard us at the firſt, was ſtanding at the door, and noted every word we ſaid. His heart was penetrated at the ſcene; and he came into the apartment where we were. My dear, dear children, he began, and claſped us in his arms: how lovely your behaviour makes you! and how much you merit the inquietude your ſituation in the world has hitherto occaſioned me! But follow me, ſaid he, and took us by the hand. I will inform your mother of your converſation juſt this moment. Come, and ſoften her affliction with your tears. I know her well. What pleaſure you will give her! what great conſolation, in her ſorrow! Never, ſure, had any mother greater reaſon to thank Heaven, that gave her two ſuch children!

He was ſpeaking ſtill, when he had brought us to the room, in which my mother happened then to be. She had a book before her. Quit your reading, ſaid my father: I am come to tell you, there is now no farther need, that either you or I ſhould be afflicted. Kiſs your children. Never had a parent any, worthier of affection. Do not pity them, but be rejoiced. We were deceived; we were afflicted upon their account, when no misfortune in reality has

happened to them. Nothing can they ſtand in need of, with that virtue which they have already. I am well convinced upon this head. I overheard them talking to each other, not five minutes ſince, when they but little thought me near them. Eſther told her brother, we who loved them ſo exceedingly, deſerved they ſhould do every thing they could for us. Dear ſpouſe, what ſay you, let me aſk, to that? Can there be any riches equal to ſuch children? Will they, think you now, in future be unhappy? Will you ſtill continue in affliction? Can you? I for my part, am at peace. I am contented, and dare anſwer you will be ſo likewiſe. Sorrow: we need now no longer talk of that; but this is not enough: we muſt not only ceaſe from ſorrow, but account ourſelves quite happy. We are ſo in fact; ſince we have children, in our poverty, with ſuch hood hearts.

My mother, at theſe words, again ſhed tears; but they were tears of joy. Yes, yes, cried ſhe, and kiſſed us, while my father did the like. You were, I muſt acknowledge, in the right to anſwer for me. I am quite contented, too.

I knew not where I was; nor yet, what I was doing, when my mother thus ſpoke to us: the delight I felt within my heart, and the careſſes of my parents, put me into ſuch a ſituation, as no language can deſcribe. I only recollect that never, in the courſe of my whole

life before, had I experienced ſuch agreeable ſenſations.

From that day, our common griefs ſubſided, and we paſſed ſix months in all that ſweet ſerenity *they* find, who have no wants unſatisfied, becauſe they have no wiſhes. I uſed often to go out a walking with my father, when, from almoſt every object round us, he would draw ſome ſubject for inſtruction. How it was, I know not, he proceeded with me; but I looked upon his converſation juſt like ſo much pleaſure, and was ſure it would too ſoon be over: he poſſeſſed the art of making his inſtructions intereſting; and I loved to liſten to his obſervations. My vivacity and youth, which might have otherwiſe diſguſted me with what was rational and ſerious, as too often is the caſe with moſt young people, only ſerved, with him, to make me more attentive to his talk. I was the better, in his hands, for being young and lively, having merely upon that account, a greater wiſh for pleaſure, which through his addreſs, in my inſtruction, I had brought myſelf to place in converſation with him.

We were out one day as uſual, and obſerved an aged gentleman before us, walking in a very thoughtful manner. What, pray, father, can have brought that gentleman, ſaid I, down here? I think I never ſaw him in my life before.

The FATHER. No; you have not: and the reaſon is, becauſe he has lived hitherto at court,

and was at all times with the king. But he has lately been diſgraced.

GEORGE. Why ſo?

The FATHER. Becauſe he had not ſkill enough, or cunning, as ſome call it, and with juſtice, to preſerve himſelf in office; or becauſe he would not injure thoſe who have contrived to ruin him; for that is commonly the crime of ſuch as he.

GEORGE. But you aſtoniſh me: the means of keeping them in favour cannot but be very ſtrange! ſo much ſo, that kings' houſes muſt be dangerous places: how can honeſt people court this favour?

The FATHER. As to that, I cannot ſay a word.—The whole I know is, that the ambitious in reality *do* court it.

GEORGE. If we ſay then ſuch or ſuch a perſon is ambitious, tis the ſame as ſaying he is very wicked: but pray tell me, may not an ambitious man be free from wiſhing he might injure others? He need only make himſelf no enemies.

The FATHER. That would be uſeleſs; for at court, men's enemies, if I may ſo expreſs it, make themſelves. Have you a great degree of credit, that is power, of giving much, or are you high in place? You are expoſed to injuries from thouſands, though it may be, you are doing them whatever good you can.

GEORGE. Alas! what injury can we wiſh

to

to any one who is employed in doing us the leaſt degree of good?

The FATHER. The world will injure him, becauſe he *can* do good, becauſe they want him as a friend: whereas, they would be glad he were reduced to aſk their friendſhip.

GEORGE. How then ought we to behave ourſelves towards people ſo extremely wicked?

The FATHER. How? we ſhould ourſelves be wicked.

GEORGE. Should ourſelves be wicked!

The FATHER. Yes, indeed; but even *that*, tis very difficult to be with ſuitable ſucceſs; for we ſhould have a certain cleverneſs about us, ſo that we may cunningly deſtroy our enemies; that is, not let them ſee which way we go to work. Tis very often needful too, that ſuch as we employ to ruin them, ſhould not be ſenſible of our deſign. Would you believe it, George; at court this wickedneſs is in itſelf the boaſt of human reaſon. Courtiers ſay of any one poſſeſſing it; aye, he is in reality a clever fellow; a diſcerning character; he has defeated all his enemies; he has compleatly driven off the ſtage all thoſe who checked his growing greatneſs. He muſt have great parts to do ſo!

GEORGE. But, among ſuch people as ourſelves, if any one ſhould imitate this clever fellow, we ſhould call him (I believe) a knave; a cheat; a man without the leaſt degree of conſcience; in a word, a good-for-nothing fellow.

The

The FATHER *(ſmiling.)* Truly you have made a fine compariſon! And who, pray, do you mean, George, by *ſuch people as ourſelves.* It ſuits, indeed, with individuals of the middle rank in life, to have the right of being knaves or cheats! And muſt not ours be ſpecial privileges, ſhould men honour with the name of cleverneſs thoſe perfidies we ſhould make uſe of to advance our own affairs, or ruin the affairs of others? Oh, my dear, dear George, this is not univerſally the ſpirit of the world. You ſee things ſuch as in reality they are: you have an underſtanding too unprejudiced; but ſhould a little of the world's extravagance unhappily obtain poſſeſſion of your brain, infect your reaſon, or relax the principles of virtue in your heart, in that caſe you would eſtimate things very differently. Know that what are called deep-plotting wickedneſs, a rooted infamy, and ſo forth, always bear their natural name, and never change when dwelling in the hearts of ſuch as we. A cheat with us, will always be a cheat; a wicked man, will always be a wicked man: for with reſpect to us, things conſtantly are taken literally: our ſpecific ſituation in the world is ſo inferior, and our intereſts of ſuch little value, that we cannot, by their means, impoſe on any one. How ſhould we? We have nothing thought reſpectable among mankind, or fit to ſubjugate their notions in our favour. We are abſolutely naked. We have nothing on, except, if I may ſay ſo, rags, that

do

do not recommend us; ſo that men paſs judgment on our merits or demerits without mercy. Upon this account, tis all loſt labour in us to be hypocritical. Hypocriſy adds only, in the end, to our deformity, by reaſon of our littleneſs.

But being raiſed by honours, dignity, and great employments, then, my child, things take another aſpect: then, if we are wicked, we ſhall ſhine; if we depreciate or hurt our rivals, if we find a way to cruſh them, it will be a glorious triumph of our knowledge over them; if we are abſolutely fraudulent, it will be only admirable management. We are elevated; and on that account, vain men, who would be well with us, regard our ſituation with as much reſpect as they ſuppoſe they ſhould deſerve themſelves, were they but in it. When they pay reſpect and deference to our honours, it is properly the object of their own deſires they worſhip; and their vanity, for want of ſomething better, takes the greateſt pleaſure in conſidering our importance; that of the affairs we manage, the relationſhips we have, the extent of underſtanding neceſſary for us, and that ſcheming diſpoſition we muſt every day exert in all our actions, be they as unworthy as a vicious heart can make them. Sometimes even their unworthineſs is beneficial to them; people think they are the offspring of a grave and politic neceſſity, and that communicates an air of grandeur to them. The ſucceſs they have,

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and the combuſtion that enſues, convert them into ſhining actions, into notable events, that every one is charmed to know, and eager to recount in public. What I ſay is not ſufficient; for not only actions of this kind eſcape the obloquy they merit, but are looked for at the hand of every one in place; and if he ſhould be torpid, he is not much thought of: he is branded as a man of little value, as a man that does not ſhow himſelf upon the ſtage, but halts in his career.

Such is the reaſon, why, in elevated ſituations, flagrant wickedneſs is honourable, while in people on our level it is ſhameful not to be without reproach. But in the end, what will your thoughts be? Is not our condition infinitely preferable to the ſituation of ſuch people? It is all loſt labour, for them by the intervention of their grandeur, to conceal their actions. It redounds not to their honour, that mankind conſider them as only clever or adroit, when they are infamous. If palliatives like theſe be beneficial, they pay dearly for them; you could never, of yourſelf, conjecture what their life is. When I think thereon, themſelves, together with their rage for rank and honours, every thing I notice is an abſolute enigma to me: for this rage ſuppoſes haughty hearts, and boſoms covetous of glory; yet theſe haughty, theſe vain-glorious people, often ſtoop beneath the weight of univerſal contumely. They no otherwiſe acquire, continue, and con-

firm

firm their right of lording it o'er others, than by means of thoſe humiliations, to the bitterneſs whereof they are no ſtrangers. What a miſerable ſort of pride, ſince meanneſs muſt ſupport it! and beſides, ſince it is always matter of diverſion to mankind.

I heard my father ſpeak with great attention; and remember, I took pity upon thoſe whoſe fortune in the world he repreſented to me. Frequently I caſt a look upon this aged gentleman that had occaſioned our converſing thus together, and was yet not out of ſight; but walking ſtill, as penſively as when I happened firſt to ſee him.

It appears to me again, began my father, that your heart is intereſted in his ſorrow. It is true indeed, ſir, anſwered I, ſince he appears ſo melancholy. I am well acquainted with him, ſaid my father; he has really good principles, his temper is complacent, and the world has always mentioned him reſpectfully. I am perſuaded his diſgrace has been occaſioned by a want within him of that daring wickedneſs, by which ſuch ſort of people commonly make head againſt their enemies. He will in that caſe, anſwered I, conſole himſelf in this diſgrace. An upright man can never, ſure, for any length of time, regret a ſituation inconſiſtent with his natural beneficence. Alas! replied my father, I am ſure this gentleman regrets the ſituation he was in. His heart has not been ſhipwrecked: it is ſtill juſt what it was before; but having

been, as we expreſs it, in the habit of receiving honour, upon that account his underſtanding is at preſent vitiated. He laments that tumult in the midſt of which he lived, and that inceſſant motion ſuch a multitude were always in, that they might once get at him. He laments that he has now no longer that obſequious band of ſycophants or flatterers round about him, who indeed were nothing but the objects of his ridicule, but who conſidered it a happineſs, if they could make him favourable to them. He no longer ſees that fawning herd about him, who were wont to pleaſe his vanity; he cannot now create the lot of any one; his friends are not at preſent ſo much intereſted as they were, in huſbanding his good opinion: and he longs to re-obtain that place he had in other people's minds, that awe he took a deal of pleaſure to inſpire, though afterwards he diſſipated it by condeſcending actions of benevolence; in ſhort, thoſe thouſand little things he cannot live without, and which are of neceſſity become the nurture of a mind depraved and poiſoned by ambition.

Night, which was now coming on, obliged us to bethink ourſelves of going home.

We turned about accordingly, and by the way encountered a day labourer, who had ended his day's work, and was returning home. He ſometimes ſung, and ſometimes whiſtled, being very chearful. Here, ſaid I, is one whoſe ſituation in the world, methinks, is not ſo very eaſy,

eaſy, but whoſe heart is very merry. Oh, replied my father, there are ſpecial reaſons for his jollity. The ground was totally parched up for want of water; and this morning, as you recollect, it rained abundantly.

I could not keep from laughing at the ſerious tone of voice with which my father gave me this laſt intimation, But the gentleman, ſaid I, muſt know it rained this morning: notwithſtanding which, it has been far from giving him the leaſt degree of ſatisfaction. What a ſtrange compariſon you make, replied my father, (and on his ſide, laughed at me,) between a courtier and day labourer! And why ſtrange? ſaid I. Becauſe, returned my father, you muſt know the affair of weather is a matter of no great concern to every ſituation, though ſome trades or buſineſſes are hurt or benefited by it. Rain is very beneficial to the ground; but what advantage can the courtier hope for from beholding a good crop? His barns, you may reply, will be the fuller for it, and what people live upon, on that account, be cheaper. True: but then his vanity?—What food will that have, in the interval, to live upon?

His wants are no leſs urgent than they would be, were they rational; but neither rain nor ſun can forward them; whereas they may, reſpecting the day labourer, who has no one wiſh but that of living, and who ſees with pleaſure that the fields, whoſe produce he ſubſiſts on, will thrive better for good weather. Thus, you

ſee he has great reaſon to be merry, being almoſt ſure of getting what he wiſhes. Now conſider, if he is not happy that his wants and wiſhes are ſo bounded. Let mankind be good or wicked; let them ruin one another, if they pleaſe, in London! let a haughty miniſter of ſtate diſdain or favour thoſe reſorting to his levee; let the world run after great employments, if they pleaſe—All theſe are matters of no moment to the huſbandman: they have reſpect to ſcenes of miſery and care, from which his humble ſituation ſhields him. But it rains when rain is wanted. That ſuffices him; he goes to bed content, gets up with pleaſure, goes to work well ſatisfied, and dies at laſt as happy to the full as he has lived; for life ſpent tranquilly has this additional advantage, that we are not half ſo much attached to its good things, when we muſt quit them.

We got home while we were talking thus, and found my mother ſomewhat indiſpoſed: her malady augmented the next day. A fever ſeized her, and ſhe died ſoon after.

I paſs over the affliction this occurrence gave us, and my father's ſorrow in particular, who never afterward took comfort. She departed in his arms, while I and my poor ſiſter were in tears beſide her.

For a month enſuing, there were only lamentations through the houſe. We were become great loſers by her death. What unity of heart between her and my father! With what

what tenderneſs ſhe loved her children! I had never looked upon her as a perſon in authority, or power above me, I had never,—no not once,—obeyed her as I would have done a miſtreſs, who could ſay, Do this or that: but on the other hand, it was affection operated in me. When ſhe mentioned any thing by way of counſel or command, I knew 'twas for my good ſhe ſpoke; and ſaw, her heart ſpoke with her. She poſſeſſed the happy ſkill of penetrating likewiſe to *my* heart, by ſaying every thing, ſhe wiſhed to make me comprehend, in ſuch a way as was adapted to my underſtanding; for however young I was at that time, I *did* underſtand her, and received the leſſon as affectionately as ſhe gave it; ſo that (as it ſhould have been,) my heart was no leſs grateful for, than taught by, her inſtruction.

If at at any time I did not quite comply with any of her orders, ſhe refrained from every thing like anger. She was far from uttering thoſe reproaches paſſion generally vents. I never ſaw the leaſt impatience in her, never any of thoſe vehemencies that too commonly accompany reproof, and render it pernicious, owing to the bad examples they mix with it. No; my mother never fell into theſe improprieties, and never made me guilty of a fault, by reprehending me for that I might have done. She never *looked* ſevere, and never unapproachable. Her countenance was only ſad: ſhe barely told me ſhe was grieved, and even kiſſed me when ſhe

ſaid ſo. This was all my puniſhment. And this ſufficed; for how can any children, bleſſed with ſenſibility, withſtand ſuch kindneſs? I, for my part, uſed to weep when I had diſobeyed her, promiſing I never would do ſo again. And having made this promiſe, I obſerved it. Could I with impunity have violated it, my conſcience would not have allowed me to do ſo. That mixture of complaint and kindneſs, that endearing ſorrow ſhe evinced, whenever I did wrong, would always follow me; it was a ſcene I did not wiſh ſhould he gone through again. Her heart, of which at no time I loſt ſight, kept mine in awe; nor could I, for the world, have ſpoiled the pleaſure I received from ſeeing ſhe approved of what I did. I loſt her at a time when ſhe was wanted by me moſt, as I was entering now into that time of life, which is expoſed to deviations, which I could not from experience be aware of; and in which the tender love with which I viewed her, would have profited me more than ever.

My poor father could not, as already I have ſaid, ſurvive her loſs: his health, which was not very good before, now grew much worſe. A complication of diſorders all at once fell on him, that confined him to his bed. He lived a year in this ſad ſituation, and expired one morning early in my arms, before my ſiſter could have time to put her clothes on, and come down, that ſhe might take his laſt farewel.

The night preceding his deceaſe, (for he perceived his diſſolution drawing on,) he called us to him, and began as follows: My dear children, you have loſt your mother: you will very ſoon loſe me; and therefore I obſerve you in deſpair; but you will not be always ſo; for time cures every ill: for me, I am departing to account for all my actions to the power that gave me life. You likewiſe will account for yours in future. Always carry that in mind; the recollection of it will preſerve you in ten thouſand dangers. In defect of riches, my affection has this thought to leave you. It comprizes all the inſtruction I could give you, and will be, in ſome degree, a father to you.

Having ſaid thus much, he fell into a ſwoon almoſt amounting to inſenſibility. My ſiſter, who had need of reſt, and little apprehending he would die ſo ſuddenly, went up to ſleep. About the ſpace of ſix hours afterward, a rattling in the throat came on. He would have called me. I ran to him, and had hardly got his head upon my arm, but, with his eye fixed full upon me, he expired.

I cannot take upon me to deſcribe the ſituation I was in at this cataſtrophe. When I beheld him die, I thought I ſaw my mother dying likewiſe. I ſtood ſtupid for a moment, till my ſiſter, entering, gave a cry, and rouſed me.

We were greatly to be pitied. We had no relation to be with; and as for friends—— what friends will cleave to the unhappy? We

ſeemed ſeparated from all nature. I, for my part, thought I ſhould deſpair. My ſiſter had more fortitude: her reaſon called up mine, and twas reſolved, in conſequence of her advice, that we ſhould live together. Every day we ſhed ſome tears in memory of our worthy parents. They bequeathed us hardly any wealth, but taught us to deſpiſe it, which is better. This remembrance of their virtue animates us in the taſk of cultivating the ſmall ſpot they left us, and our moderation regulates our wants, which are, on that account, entirely ſatisfied. We enjoy the ſweets of friendſhip, and live happy; having early learned the art of being ſatisfied with little.

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THE

# LITTLE TYRANTS PUNISHED.

Mr. and Mrs. RICHARDSON.

Mr. RICHARDSON.

AT laſt, my dear, we are come down into the country for ſix months at leaſt; and I perſuade myſelf, you will permit me to proceed

ceed with Edward and Honoria in the way I look upon as proper; ſo that I may root thoſe faults out, you have planted in them by your London-way of education.

Mrs. RICHARDSON. And what faults, pray, Mr. Richardſon, can you diſcover in them to root out, as you expreſs it? I ſhould like to have them named.

Mr. RICHARDSON. Well, in the firſt place then, you teach them too much pride, too great a paſſion for fine clothes, too great an inclination for ridiculous accompliſhments, and even thoſe which every man's experience tells us may be hurtful to young people's morals, and their minds: of which, the chief I reckon dancing. Does it ſuit a tradeſman's daughter to be dizened juſt like a little ducheſs, and to know the various kinds of dancing, juſt as if ſhe were intended for the opera houſe?

Mrs. RICHARDSON. There! always the old ſong! you look on things ſo ſtrangely, that one really would fancy you had lived a hundred years ago. For my part, I conform to preſent manners, in the education of my children.

Mr. RICHARDSON. Yes; and tis in that reſpect you act ſo much amiſs. I may indeed permit you to have ſome control in bringing up Honoria; for, unhappily, tis often argued that a mother has more right to ſpoil her daughters than their father has: but with regard to Edward, do not think I ſhould behave with ſo much complaiſance. No, madam; on the

the other hand, while we are here, I ſhall do all I can to cure him of thoſe faults he has received from your bad method of inſtruction.

Mrs. RICHARDSON. And what faults, once more, do you allude to?

Mr. RICHARDSON. Principally, as I ſaid juſt now, his pride. He takes upon him to deſpiſe all thoſe he thinks beneath him.

Mrs. RICHARDSON. I ſuppoſe then you would have him educated, juſt as if he were to be a farmer, or a country bumpkin; or, in ſhort, as if he were no better than the little Dobſon, your illuſtrious godſon.

Mr. RICHARDSON. Would to heaven he were poſſeſſed of all the condeſcenſion and civility that people take ſuch notice of in that poor boy. He would be all the better for it, let me tell you. But you ſcorn that little fellow for his father's ſake, who is no better than a footman. And pray, after all, what is our Edward but a goldſmith's ſon? and what am I? the ſon of nothing but a——Dont provoke me to ſay more. Have you, good madam, as much pride as you think fit, becauſe your father was a ſquire; but Edward ſhall have none, and I expect, by way of exerciſing his humility, that he behave with kindneſs to my little godſon, when he comes here to divert him. He is nothing but a footman's ſon, I own; but then his father is an honeſt man, one uſeful in his ſituation, and much more ſo than a multitude called gentlemen among us.

[Mrs.

Mrs. RICHARDSON. Ah, my dear; this is quite like the reſt of your philoſophy.

Mr. RICHARDSON. No, you miſtake: tis nothing but good ſenſe.

Mrs. RICHARDSON. You have the little Dobſon always in your head, and nothing will avail to get him out. I know you well enough to ſay ſo; but ſuppoſing I ſhould ſhow you, that this footman's ſon, has faults which he may eaſily communicate to Edward and Honoria, that he frequently tells ſtories, is a little blackguard, that he gormandizes, and even ſteals our fruit?—Would you be ſtill ſo fond of quoting, as you do, your little Dobſon upon all occaſions?

Mr. RICHARDSON. If you prove him half as bad as that, I will forbid his ever coming here again.

Mrs. RICHARDSON. If? Mr. Richardſon, There can be nothing eaſier. Look ye, I will order in a little feaſt for Edward and Honoria, and your Dobſon likewiſe: he is ſomewhere now about the houſe. We will conceal ourſelves behind this ſcreen, and you may judge yourſelf of what I ſay, by their behaviour.

Mr. RICHARDSON. Be it ſo.

Mrs. RICHARDSON. Within there! Thomas! *(Thomas enters.)* Bring ſome fruit here for the children. You will find a quantity in the beaufet. Three apples, with ſome currants, and three bits of bread; and tell them to come down. *(Thomas goes out.)*

Mr.

Mr. RICHARDSON. We ſhall be now convinced; and granting Dobſon ſhould behave improperly, I promiſe he ſhall never ſet his foot within our doors again: but if our children are to blame, will you correct them?

Mrs. RICHARDSON. Yes, I will, I promiſe you: though tis not neceſſary.

Mr. RICHARDSON. We ſhall ſee.

*(Edward and Honoria enter with the ſervant, who brings in the fruit; and after having put it on the table, leaves the room.)*

Mrs. RICHARDSON. Come, come, my dears: you know I promiſed you a treat this afternoon, and here it is: an apple for each of you, and one for little Dobſon, with his ſhare of currants, and a ſlice of bread apiece. Take care, however, he dont rob you of your ſhare.

EDWARD. Oh, yes, mama; for he is quite a glutton.

Mrs. RICHARDSON. But where is he?

EDWARD. In the farther court, and playing on the dung.

Mr. RICHARDSON. No, here he is: *(to Dobſon entering.)* Come hither, Dobſon.

Mrs. RICHARDSON. Always on the catch for what is to be had!

Mr. RICHARDSON. Is it true then, you were playing on the dunghill?

DOBSON. Playing? No, ſir. Aſk the gardiner; I was helping him. He wanted half a dozen ſhovelfuls, and I was carrying them; but

but I will waſh my hands. *(He does ſo in a plate.)*

Mr. RICHARDSON. You were at work, my little man, then? That was very well. *(To Edward.)* Why did you tell me he was playing?

EDWARD. Why I thought ſo.

HONORIA. Let him not come near us; he will ſpoil my cambrick frock, and Edward's fine new clothes.

Mr. RICHARDSON. Come; not ſo much contempt, Honoria; but ſit down, and eat together, like good friends, while your mama and I go out, and take a walk about the garden. *(They go out at one door, but enter at another, and get behind a ſcreen.)*

EDWARD. Come, Honoria, ſit down here by me: but as for you, ſir, *(to Dobſon,)* you may ſtand, and think yourſelf well off.

DOBSON. Oh, as you pleaſe, dear Maſter Edward; for I am not tired at all.

HONORIA. That's well for you. Look, brother, I divide the currants into three: one heap for you, and one for me; and one for— *(making Dobſon think them meant for him.)*— to be ſhared between us. Ah! ah! ah!

EDWARD. Look here too, ſiſter, *(taking the apples,)* one for you; and one for me; and one for *(imitating Honoria's manner)*—to be ſhared between us. Ah! ah! ah!—Oh, as for Mr. Dobſon, he may take a ſlice of bread, and he

he will like it vaſtly; for tis white, and that he cannot get at home.

DOBSON. I thank you; but pray dont deprive yourſelf of any thing on my account. You may not have enough yourſelf; and I, for my part, am not hungry in the leaſt.

EDWARD. Oh, you would eat it faſt enough, I fancy, with the currants; but the currants are for us.

DOBSON. No; I am not accuſtomed to them, and I would not eat a ſingle berry, ſhould you give me one.

HONORIA. Why you are very proud. So much the better. You will not have one from us: or ſtay, I will have ſome compaſſion on him. Look you, I will take the paring off this apple with my ſilver-bladed knife, and give it him.

EDWARD. Honoria, let him go and ſteal us half a dozen apples in the garden; he ſhall then have one, with all my heart.—I fancy we may make him ſuch a promiſe, ſiſter.—Will you, Dobſon?

DOBSON. Oh, no, no, indeed. You forced me twice to do ſo for you. I conſented out of love, and would not eat a ſingle ſtalk, for my part: yet you went, and told the footman I had done it for myſelf. So look you, I will never do the like again.

EDWARD *(in deriſion.)* Poor little thing! And did they whip it! Ah! ah! ah!

DOBSON. I might have thought it was not right for me to rob the garden; but you know, I did

I did it, Maſter Edward, for your ſake, and Miſs Honoria's.

EDWARD. Will you go this minute?

HONORIA *(threatening him.)* Will you?

DOBSON. No, miſs, I will never go again on ſuch a buſineſs.

EDWARD. We will beat you, if you will not.

DOBSON. Well then, I had rather far be beat, than do again ſo bad an action.

EDWARD. So then, you will not obey us? Siſter, help me: take this cane, *(fetching two out of a corner,)* and I will have the other. *(They beat him.)*

DOBSON. Well, now you have done your worſt, and ſtill I will not go.

HONORIA. Our worſt! You hear that, brother? He is ſaucy: let us beat him well again. *(They beat him a ſecond time; and he takes ſhelter in a corner of the room.)*

EDWARD. And, now, ſir, if you go and tell papa we have been beating you, then we will let him know, we ſaw you ſtealing fruit again this evening in the garden.

DOBSON. Oh, dont be afraid; for you have beat me more than once already; and I never ſaid a word about it.

HONORIA. Come, ſir, give me back our bread: ſince you refuſe to go and ſteal us apples, you ſhall not have even that.

DOBSON. With all my heart: there, take it. I am very glad I have not eat a morſel of

it yet. I like our bread at home much better. I have that, and am not bid to go a thieving for it.

Mr. RICHARDSON *(appearing with his wife.)* Have I found you out then?

Mrs. RICHARDSON. Very pretty, children, truly! We have heard behind this ſcreen here, every word you ſaid: and theſe have been your ſtories told about poor Dobſon. He ſteals fruit, tells lies, and does a hundred things beſides, while *you* are guilty of them. Oh, how glad I am, I know you both.

DOBSON. Pray dont be angry with them, madam, upon my account. I can aſſure you it was all in joke; and neither of them meant to hurt me. We were playing; nothing elſe.

Mrs. RICHARDSON. Poor Dobſon! I will do you juſtice, that you may depend upon, my little man, and puniſh them as they deſerve: ſo, get you both up ſtairs, till I find time to come and have a little converſation with you.

Mr. RICHARDSON *(to Edward and Honoria going out.)* Stay and hear your ſentence: as for what concerns Honoria, madam, I ſhall leave her puniſhment to you, and only recommend that in addition to a little corporal ſeverity, you would deprive her of the dancing maſter, and inſtruct her, in his place, to uſe the needle. With reſpect to Edward,—added to that corporal ſeverity I ſhall inflict upon him, it ſhall be his pennance to give up his clothes, and other fine affairs, to Dobſon; ſo that he may look

look like what he is, a low-bred peaſant's ſon, while Dobſon is conſidered as a little gentleman; for ſure his manners are more ſuited to that character than Edward's. Well! now, madam, are you prejudiced as much as ever in their favour?

Mrs. RICHARDSON. No, ſir; but compelled to own you in the right.—*(To Edward and Honoria.)* Go you up ſtairs. I will ſoon come and puniſh you.

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## NO FRIENDSHIP LASTING WITHOUT VIRTUE.

A Wealthy man upon his death bed was adviſed to make his will by one who had been the companion of his vices, and who hoped he ſhould be a conſiderable legatee. The will was made, and this companion aſked to witneſs it; (a certain ſign he would have nothing.) Being mortified at this, he did not heſitate to tell the dying man, ſuch treatment

was not the reward he looked to have for his attachment; and received this anſwer: What do you complain of? You are ſuch a ſtranger to me, that I hardly know you. Our acquaintanceſhip has abſolutely diſappeared. You were a partner with me in our pleaſures only, and no trace of them remains. My money I have therefore left to thoſe, whoſe virtues recommend them to me, at this melancholy moment; thoſe, whom, would to God! I had endeavoured to reſemble.

A

PATERNAL

# PATERNAL LOVE,

A

# DRAMA,

IN

# THREE ACTS,

## CHARACTERS.

Mr. ALBERT, *a gentleman of fortune.*

LÆTITIA, *his daughter.*

ELIZA, *his niece.*

HEARTFREE, *his emanuenſis.*

# PATERNAL LOVE.

## ACT I.

SCENE *(an apartment in the houſe of Mr. Albert)*

HEARTFREE and ELIZA.

ELIZA.

REALLY I cannot underſtand you, ſir: when all the houſe is thus in joy, and when the meaneſt ſervant in it thinks of nothing but my couſin's birth day, and the preparation her indulgent father is employed in making for the celebration of it, will you, Heartfree, you, whoſe parts and underſtanding might well qualify you to enhance the pleaſure of the feſtival,—will you, I ſay, on this occaſion, ſhow yourſelf more ſorrowful than ever?

HEARTFREE. I have reaſon to be ſo, my dear Eliza, having had this morning grievous tidings ſent me,

ELIZA.

ELIZA. Grievous tidings! and from whence?

HEARTFREE. From my regiment.

ELIZA. But, pray, tell me the whole matter; or, perhaps, I am your confidant no longer. Surely, you remember it was I that introduced you firſt into this family; in doing which, I ran the riſque, and ſtill do ſo, of my indulgent uncle's anger, ſhould he come to know it. Surely, I repeat, you recollect this circumſtance, and that without me you would never have enjoyed the pleaſure of exchanging with Miſs Albert ſo much as a ſingle word. It is not to reproach you with my benefits that I remind you of them; but by virtue of my never having yet neglected any thing that might promote your happineſs. I have a right to ſhare in your uneaſineſs.

HEARTFREE. My dear young lady, I remember always with the greateſt pleaſure every thing you have performed for my advantage; for without your friendſhip I ſhould never have beheld my dear Lætitia from that day when firſt I ſaw her in the Park. That ſingle momentary interview with one ſo charming, raviſhed my whole heart; and all my efforts to get introduction to her were in vain, till you, diſdaining narrow jealouſy, took pity on me, condeſcended to protect that paſſion which will only finiſh with my life, and introduced me to your uncle in the character of an emanuenſis. For theſe ſix months paſt, I have enjoyed the happineſs of living under the ſame roof with one

I ſo adore, of ſeeing her at times, and often of converſing with her. She has not a doubt but that I love her, and has ſo much condeſcenſion as to think me worthy of her: not that ſhe has ſuch a want of delicacy, as to ſay ſo much; but that myſelf have thus interpreted her whole behaviour. But what ſignifies all this? I thought myſelf moſt fortunate, and bleſſed my lot; but yeſterday, a letter ſent me from my colonel has deſtroyed ſo beauteous a deluſion.

ELIZA. And what then has your colonel written to you?

HEARTFREE. For theſe ſix months paſt, you know, Eliza, I have had the order in my pocket, which was ſent me to rejoin my regiment. I could not prevail upon myſelf to pay obedience to it; and my colonel, who has really a friendſhip for me, has diſcovered, (how I cannot tell you) I am in the houſe of Mr. Albert, in the character of his emanuenſis, and neglected every duty for a fooliſh paſſion, that, he ſays, can never be ſucceſsful. He has therefore written to me, in ſuch terms as ſhows me his ſeverity as my ſuperior officer, but his benevolence as my well wiſher; ſaying, that unleſs in ten days time I have rejoined my regiment, he muſt ſuperſede me.

ELIZA. Well then, let him ſuperſede you. Miſs Lætitia is your colonel now, and ſhe muſt be obeyed. For my part, I dont know, but ſhould believe tis to the full as eligible to be

husband

huſband to a rich and lovely lady, like my couſin, as for any one to call you Cornet of Dragoons.

HEARTFREE. You are for ever harping upon marriage, and will not believe, it is impoſſible I ſhould eſpouſe your couſin.

ELIZA. And why, pray, impoſſible? for now-a-days, one may eſpouſe even any one except a ſiſter.

HEARTFREE. I have told you twenty times, the reaſon. Miſs Lætitia is the only daughter of a very wealthy father, and myſelf no better than a cornet, deſtitute of patrimony, and without a name; for, fortune, that has hitherto purſued me from my cradle, has forbid me my own father's. And may I then, who am deſtined to grow old, or die in arms, aſpire to wed Lætitia? I diſguiſe myſelf, and for her ſake, am on the point of loſing what I live by, namely, my commiſſion; and when once I ſhall have nothing left me in the world, except my love, much leſs ſhall I be authoriſed to plead that love, when ſhe may think it is her wealth I pay my court to.

ELIZA. I approve this delicacy; but ſee things in quite a different light from you. Lætitia, I muſt own, is every thing you have deſcribed her; yet, yourſelf are not ſo much beneath her, as you think. For, in the firſt place, with reſpect to perſonal accompliſhments, and inward underſtanding, you are both upon a footing. I acknowledge that theſe

matters

matters, which in general, make matrimony happy, go for nothing in a marriage contract. Then too, in the next place, with regard to fortune, my dear uncle owns himſelf he was originally born to no degree of expectations, and got every thing he is poſſeſſed of, by a ſingularly accidental circumſtance. His daughter, therefore, cannot be too good a match for you, that bear the king's commiſſion, and have never ſuffered the leaſt ſtain in point of reputation.

HEARTFREE. But in that, my dear Eliza, I can lay no claim to any kind of merit. When a man is poor, he has but the reſource of character to boaſt of.

ELIZA. That may be: yet multitudes of people know not in reality what their reſources are. Tis, therefore, fortune only that has been your enemy, which is a circumſtance unlucky, I muſt own, for you, but lucky, on the other hand, for her you may eſpouſe; for you will owe her every thing; and ſurely he muſt have a great eſteem for any woman, who conſents for every thing to be her debtor.

HEARTFREE. I am not permitted to indulge in thoughts like theſe.

ELIZA. Once more, good Heartfree, liſten to me: I am not ſo young, but that I know we ſhould obey the impulſe of our hearts, when it is ſtronger than our reaſon. Scrutinize, then, ſeriouſly into yourſelf. If you ſuppoſe you ſhall be able to forget my couſin, you may

then

then rejoin your regiment, and acquire by virtue of your merit, if you can, that ſituation fortune has deprived you of. But if you cannot live without my couſin, you muſt rather think of ſtaying here, than dying: you muſt ſpeak a little boldly to her; you muſt tell her who you are, and, in concluſion, add how much you love her.

HEARTFREE. Oh, I ſhould not dare do that, Eliza.

ELIZA. Well, then, I can tell you, what you ought to know much better than myſelf, that if, in this caſe, you give way to fear, you will moſt ſurely be the loſer. Think a little: ſince the world in which we live has been a world, did ever any woman tear out a man's eyes, for only having ſaid he loved her. Be aſſured, of every trick men play us, *that* is what we are at all times readieſt to forgive.

HEARTFREE. But.—

ELIZA. But!—I know much more than you; and your good fortune is a matter of ſome moment to me; for I cant tell how it comes to paſs, but we are always ſcheming for the benefit of thoſe, who, on the other hand, are only fit to give us in return a deal of trouble and vexation. Follow my advice, and you will find it muſt ſucceed.

HEARTFREE. I wiſh for nothing elſe: what would you have me do?

ELIZA. What would I have you do! I hope you dont conſider me as uſed to give advice

advice on ſuch occaſion; though a novice might reply to ſuch a queſtion. You muſt write a letter to your Colonel, in the firſt place, and deſire another month's permiſſion to be abſent. I will take upon me to bring matters to an explanation, in the interval between my couſin and yourſelf. *(Heartfree gazes at her, while ſhe ſpeaks, but does not go.)* Well, then, why dont you go, and ſet about the buſineſs? Would you have *me* write this letter to the Colonel for you?

HEARTFREE. Let me think a moment.

ELIZA. There is not a moment's time to waſte in thinking: go and write this letter, and rely on me for every thing that is to follow. All you have to do is, to reſume that vein of pleaſantry, that has been hitherto conſpicuous in you. Think, it is Lætitia's birth day, and prepare ſome handſome compliment on the occaſion. I will do, myſelf, whatever you think difficult; but recollect, I abſolutely order you to be particularly amiable, ſince you can be ſo whenever you think proper.

HEARTFREE. Not ſo eaſily as you, dear friend: however, I will pay a blind obedience. *(He kiſſes her hand, and leaves the room.)*

Mr. ALBERT *(entering during this laſt ceremony.)* Mighty well, Eliza! I no longer wonder, now, you are ſo often ſpeaking in the praiſe of Heartfree.

ELIZA. I aſſure you, uncle, nothing re-

commends me to him, but the great attachment he profeſſes to your intereſts.

Mr. ALBERT. My intereſts! Well ſaid, girl! but it is not my deſire to know your ſecrets: you are both free agents, and you ſuit each other. You are therefore in the right to fall in love. There cannot be a greater bliſs in life. When you think fit to marry, you ſhall find your uncle ready, on his part, to buy you wedding ſheets. Where is Lætitia?

ELIZA. In her own apartment, uncle; for this month paſt, I obſerve ſhe has inclined to be alone.

Mr. ALBERT. We muſt not, then, diſturb her. Do you think, Eliza, ſhe ſuſpects the preparations I am buſied now in making for her birth day?

ELIZA. I can hardly think ſhe does.

Mr. ALBERT. Will the muſicians take care to be here in time?

ELIZA. They mean to come much ſooner than the feſtival begins: and I ſhall ſet them down to converſation with each other, in the back-ſaloon, or elſewhere, that Lætitia may not ſee them.

Mr. ALBERT. That will be the thing. It will be of ſome conſequence, Eliza, to me, that ſhe ſhould not have a ſingle expectation, but diſcover upon getting up from table, all at once, the ball room lighted, the whole band of muſic ſeated, aud h. name inſcribed on every pannel, in feſtoons and garlands. This will, doubtleſs,

doubtleſs, coſt me ſomething: but no matter; I am rich, and think no money better ſpent than that which makes my daughter happy. Speak, and tell me, as you ſhould do, I am in the right. Is not your couſin a dear charming girl.

ELIZA. That ſhe is dear to you, *that*, ſir, you know yourſelf: and for her charmingneſs, that every body tells you.

Mr. ALBERT. She is juſt the figure her poor mother was, about the time I married her. Alas! when we had lived together twenty years quite happy, I was ſo ill-fated as to loſe her, at the time I made my fortune. We had never but one quarrel with each other, and myſelf was in the wrong. There niece, *(pointing to a picture)* I need not tell you is her picture. Though you never knew her, you might eaſily have gueſſed as much, from ſeeing me ſo frequently look at it. Tis the only thing, in fact, I have remaining of her now. Ah, niece! take my advice, and never marry: tis a cruel thought, believe me, that of thoſe who love each other, one muſt ſee the other unavoidably drop firſt.

ELIZA. Come, uncle, why afflict yourſelf at this rate?

Mr. ALBERT. There is no affliction in the act of weeping for the object of our love, when we have loſt her: on the other hand, I find a deal of pleaſure in remembering what my wife was; and thoſe two ſweet little boys, ſhe bore

me. The dear fellows! they are gone, however to their graves. How happy was I not, when they were all three living, We were not in any manner rich: and yet had peace, and love, and pleaſure in our humble habitation: but with them, all vaniſhed.

ELIZA. How can you forget, dear uncle, what God's providence has left you? General eſtimation, a great fortune, friends, an only daughter, ſuch as you ſhould certainly be proud of, and what not. All theſe inſure you a delightful and reſpectable old age. My couſin certainly will marry ſoon, and you will ſee her happy in the ſtate of matrimony; for your fortune is ſo great as to allow her the ineſtimable privilege of chuſing ſuch a partner as her heart approves of. She, your ſon-in-law, and their dear children, will all join to bleſs you; and your age enjoy a comfort in them. You will be the central point of their affection and felicity; and then, perhaps, will be the happieſt moments of your life: for ſurely, an old man, ſurrounded by the objects of his favour, thoſe on whom he has diffuſed unnumbered benefits, has twenty times more pleaſure than the happieſt youth can be poſſeſſed of.

Mr. ALBERT. Charmingly well argued, niece! and I have hope your arguments will all come true. I have, beſides, been always ſaying to myſelf: what uſe are tears of? Upon ſuch a day as this, however, I am not permitted to be ſad; and therefore, let me ſpeak

of

of my Lætitia. I would fain compoſe ſome pretty ſonnet on the occaſion of her birth day; but have never been accuſtomed to make verſes: and to *think* well only, and no more, will never do. I ought to *write* well likewiſe.

ELIZA. Pardon me, dear uncle: to think well ſuffices, when one writes to pleaſe a daughter.

Mr. ALBERT. Since laſt Thurſday morning, I have ſcarcely thought of any thing except this matter: but the plaguy rhimes confound me: if it were not for the rhimes, there could be nothing eaſier than your poetry; and I could write in verſe as faſt as proſe. What then, if I avail myſelf of Heartfree. A good notion! Call him, call him, ſo that he may write down what I dictate. Quick, niece, quick; for verily I think I am at preſent in a ſonnet-making humour.

ELIZA. I will ſend him, uncle. *(Goes out.)*

Mr. ALBERT. Let me ſee, however, if before he comes, I cannot ſtrike out ſomething of myſelf; though it ſhould be two lines, and nothing farther. There are ſuch a number of fine things, that might be ſaid about my daughter.—Let me think. *(He ſits down and thinks.)* Tis the beginning, that, in common, coſts moſt labour. I muſt needs attempt, however, or I ſhall not even go that.——— *Oh daughter.* — Not amiſs!—*Oh daughter.* — Admirable! — *(he writes.)* Yet, on ſecond

thoughts, *oh daughter* runs too lofty;—too poetic, as it were.—I'll take away the *Oh*, and now what is it?—*Daughter*—Yes, yes; that is much more ſoft and ſimple.—*Daughter.* Yes; but that word daughter is not half enough: there muſt be ſomething elſe.—*Stay, daughter? daughter?* What a pretty thought! but tis too brief.—Why, where the deuce is Heartfree? For theſe ſix months paſt, I have employed a ſecretary, and not wanted him till now; when, look ye, he is not forthcoming. *(Calling out)* Heartfree! Heartfree!—Ah, I ſee him. *(To Heartfree, entering.)* Come, come quickly, Heartfree. I have a whole budget-full of things, which I muſt dictate to you.—Sit down here, my friend; and write what I ſhall mention.

HEARTFREE *(ſitting down.)* I am ready, ſir.

Mr. ALBERT. I want you to aſſiſt me in the compoſition of a verſe or two, upon the ſubject of my daughter's birth day. I have partly made them; but they are not finiſhed. They are in my head, but muſt be put down upon paper, as I have no memory, and what I thus compoſe, eſcapes me. Take, then, a great ſheet of paper; take the biggeſt you can find, and write, by way of title: *Verſes to my Daughter on her Birth Day.*

HEARTFREE *writing, and repeating the laſt words.)* On her birth day.

Mr. ALBERT *(dictating.)* Daughter—

HEARTFREE.

HEARTFREE. But excuſe me, if I ſay you have forgot to put, what tune your words ſhall go to.

Mr. ALBERT. Tune?

HEARTFREE. Yes, ſir.

Mr. ALBERT. Oh, I dont regard the tune: I only mean to furniſh words.

HEARTFREE. But doubtleſs, you deſign to have your verſes ſung; and therefore, in compoſing them, muſt ſure have had ſome tune in contemplation.

Mr. ALBERT. No, indeed, not I.

HEARTFREE. And yet, tis abſolutely neceſſary, ſir.

Mr. ALBERT. Well, Heartfree, you ſhall make the tune, then, if you pleaſe, when I have done the words; for tis impoſſible I ſhould do every thing.

HEARTFREE *(reading.)* Verſes to my daughter, on her birth day.

Mr. ALBERT. Very well; and now write: *Daughter.*

HEARTFREE. Daughter.

Mr. ALBERT. Have you written down that word?

HEARTFREE. Yes, ſir.

Mr. ALBERT. A moment.—You have written daughter?

HEARTFREE. Yes, ſir?

Mr. ALBERT *(thinking.)* Then, pray, put a comma after daughter.

HEARTFREE. I am waiting, ſir.

Mr.

Mr. ALBERT. Yes, ſo am I; but nothing comes.

HEARTFREE. How! nothing?

Mr. ALBERT. Certainly, that word is all I have compoſed as yet.

HEARTFREE. No farther, ſir!

Mr. ALBERT. But I have made a fair beginning, and you ought to help me.

HEARTFREE. You have too much ſenſibility, that you ſhould need aſſiſtance upon this occaſion. Tis ſo eaſy to launch out with eloquence into her praiſe. Be pleaſed to tell me what you think, and I will write it down. The rhimes will offer of their own accord.

Mr. ALBERT. You reaſon very properly. I want to make her ſome well turned, ſome handſome compliments, upon her mind and perſon; and would have it couched in —— ſomething of an elegant, genteel, and——ſuch as that,——You underſtand me?

HEARTFREE *(after having thought.)* Yes, ſir: there; *(he writes four lines.)* I have it.

Mr. ALBERT. What, already! Well, then, having finiſhed the firſt ſtanza, what if we begin the ſecond? Write, then, that it is not properly my part to praiſe her; but that every body in her praiſe ſpeaks like me. — Write down that, but dont forget the rhime.

HEARTFREE *(after having thought again.)* No, no, ſir.—*(writes four other lines.)* There, that's finiſhed likewiſe.

Mr.

Mr. ALBERT. Would you recommend another ſtanza?

HEARTFREE. I ſhould think theſe two enough.

Mr. ALBERT. You need but bid me write another: I am juſt at preſent in the vein; but I myſelf think two enough. Now read them over with good emphaſis.

HEARTFREE *reading.)*—

My daughter, to the grace of youth,
Adds virtue, gentleneſs, and truth;
Nor of her perſon, or her mind,
Whether is lovelieſt, can I find.

Mr. ALBERT. Tis, word for word, exactly what I thought! I fancied the affair more difficult. Now, then, the other ſtanza.

Heartfree *(reading.)*—

Thy charms I may too far commend,
And yet, dear girl, not much offend:
Since all with lovers' eyes will ſee,
What the pleaſed father views in thee.

Mr. ALBERT *(ſurprized.)* Did I do that?

HEARTFREE. No doubt, ſir: was it not entirely from your dictation.

Mr. ALBERT. Yes, yes; you are in the right. And yet, it was not quite as pretty, when I ſpoke it. *(Looking at the lines again)* Tis, indeed, quite charming now; nor do

do I ſee a ſingle word that wants correcting. But, I think, by this time you are tired. Come this way, and I'll ſhow you how the ball room is ſet out.

HEARTFREE. I ſhall be glad to ſee it.

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## ACT II.

SCENE *continues.*

Mr. ALBERT, and HEARTFREE.

Mr. ALBERT.

WELL, what think you of it?

HEARTFREE. That the whole is very taſtily ſet out; and that Lætitia will be charmed when ſhe has ſeen it.

Mr. ALBERT. Yes; when ſhe has ſeen the room, and read my verſes. Let me ſee.—I wiſh there were another ſtanza? What if I ſhould write a third? You know there are three graces. *(He puts himſelf into a thinking poſture.)*

ELIZA *(coming in.)* You are wanted uncle?

Mr. ALBERT. Plague upon it! ſhall I never, then, enjoy a moment to myſelf? but thus be always interrupted. And, who is it, niece?

ELIZA.

ELIZA. That gentleman in black, who came laſt night, at duſk.

Mr. ALBERT. Oh, that's another thing. His buſineſs is more intereſting, by a deal, than mine. He comes about my daughter.

ELIZA. He is waiting in the parlour.

Mr. ALBERT. I will go to him. My good friend, Heartfree, I am pleaſed with what we have been doing. I am pleaſed with you, and with myſelf too. You ſhall ſee I am, by what I purpoſe ſhortly for you. Leave the whole to me. *(Looking at the paper once again.)* Theſe two concluding lines, about the lover and the father, are quite charming.—Yes, indeed, quite ſo. *(He goes out, and hums the verſes as he walks.)*—

—All with lover's eyes will ſee,
What the pleas'd father views in thee.
What the pleas'd father views in thee.

ELIZA. My uncle ſeems delighted with you. All the better. Go on, gaining every day on his affection, if you are but able. I am much miſtaken if my couſin may not ſet him an example.

HEARTFREE. Why do you ſuppoſe ſo, dear Eliza?

ELIZA. Why? from what I ſaw, or rather heard, this morning. You remember that affecting ſong you made, about a month ago, and upwards, that my uncle thought ſo charming; but of which Lætitia did not ſay a ſingle word?

HEARTFREE,

HEARTFREE. Yes, what of that?

ELIZA. Well then, this very morning, after we had breakfaſted, I left the room, and having much to do about the houſe, I went up ſtairs, and down again, it might be half a dozen times. As I took notice, the laſt time I paſſed her door, it was ſhut to, and ſhe was touching her guittar. I had the curioſity to ſtop and liſten for a while; and, would you think it, Heartfree? ſhe was ſinging to herſelf that very ſong, and with ſo ſweet an accent, that I thought ſhe found a deal of pleaſure in it. Oh, when any author is indifferent to us, we can praiſe his works; and do not hide in our apartments, ſo that we may ſing them to ourſelves.

HEARTFREE. A pretty proof, indeed, I muſt acknowledge!

ELIZA. Prettier than you think, perhaps. —But here ſhe comes. So muſter up your ſpirits, if you can, and tell her ſomething of your mind. You have a deal of wit; but never, when my couſin might remark it.

HEARTFREE. A good reaſon why: becauſe I am in love with no one but your couſin.

ELIZA. Here ſhe is. Chear up; and if I can, depend upon it, I will put a word in for you.

LÆTITIA *(coming in.)* I imagined, couſin, I ſhould find my father here.

HEARTFREE. He has but juſt this moment

left us, madam: he is gone to ſpeak on buſineſs with a gentleman, that wanted him.

ELIZA. Yes, yes; and as he told us too, it was on buſineſs that concerned you, couſin.

LÆTITIA. He is always occupied, at leaſt, in finding entertainment for me, when he has no opportunity to make me happy.

ELIZA. What do *we* know. Poſſibly, my uncle is at preſent thinking of a certain way to make you happy.

LÆTITIA. How! What certain way?

ELIZA. I mean, that he is looking out to find a huſband for you.

LÆTITIA. I hope not.

ELIZA. Yes, yes; I thought ſo, coz: a huſband would be nothing but a burthen to you.

LÆTITIA. Any change in my condition would be diſagreeable. I am ſo happy with my father! I love only him. I want to love no other. One would think he lives for my ſake only. Such a thought ſuffices to fill up my heart, no leſs than it ſuffices to effect my happineſs.

HEARTFREE. To all theſe reaſons, add your certainty of never meeting with a huſband worthy of you. Though his ſituation in the world, and fortune, ſhould be much above your own; and though he ſhould be, in reality, the loveliеſt of mankind, he would not be your equal as a huſband.

LÆTITIA. You are always praiſing me in

this way, Heartfree.—I am ſorry for it. I am fond of converſation with you; but your panegyric always cuts me ſhort.

ELIZA *(whiſpering Heartfree.)* Pluck up your ſpirits; will you? What a coward!—*(To Lætitia.)* I that do not praiſe you, couſin, and am far from being leſs attached to you, on that account, muſt ſay, I cannot, from my heart, approve of your averſion to the matrimonial ſtate. You were created to be married, not with *any* one, I muſt confeſs, but with a man, whoſe time of life, and underſtanding ſuit your own. My uncle is too old to find you out a huſband of this ſort: let me then take that office on me. Let me be, at leaſt *your* match maker.

LÆTITIA. Let you jeſt. With all my heart, as much as you think proper, couſin.

ELIZA. No; I have no wiſh to jeſt, as you imagine. I ſpeak ſeriouſly. I know exactly what you want. You need, then, only ſay a ſingle word, and I will point you out a well-made, ſenſible, deſerving, — in one word, a youth brim-full of love and honour. If this youth ſhould ſuit your notions, you need only ſpeak.

LÆTITIA. And you will anſwer for his having all theſe qualities, dear couſin, not excepting from the catalogue, that love for which you give him credit.

ELIZA. Oh, his love is what I moſt aſſure you.

HEARTFREE. Tis, however, the moſt difficult to prove. The only daughter of a wealthy individual has the unhappy privilege of thinking ſhe is never truly loved. In vain, ſhe may be young and charming: ſhe is rich; that ſingle word ſhall be ſufficient to tie up the tongue of every delicate and tender lover. It may prove impoſſible for ſuch a ſuitor not to love her, but it muſt be ſo, for ſuch a one to tell her his affection.

LÆTITIA. Tis not from my age, ſuch ſorrowful reflections are expected; and if ever—

HEARTFREE. If——

Mr. ALBERT *(coming in.)* Good morrow to you. Let me wiſh you joy, my dear Lætitia, on your birth day; but I will not now ſay more, becauſe I wiſh this evening to ſurpriſe you.—I have put my thoughts together in the ſhape of verſes. I ſhall treat you with a concert, fireworks, and——but you ſhall ſee what I am ſure you have no notion of.

LÆTITIA. And is it poſſible——

Mr. ALBERT. Dont aſk me further queſtions; ſince I wiſh you not to know a ſingle word of any thing that is to happen. And, beſides, ſince I have information for you of much more importance. Heartfree, you, as living with me, ought in reaſon to partake of every thing that gives me joy, and therefore need not leave the room. You know, my dear, *(to Lætitia)* young Egerton, whoſe parts and perſon every body mentions with the greateſt admira-

tion; to whoſe praiſe yourſelf ſo frequently have ſpoke; and who, in theſe ſix months paſt, has been aſſiduouſly paying his addreſſes to you.

LÆTITIA. Well, dear ſir?

Mr. ALBERT. Well, dear Lætitia. I have juſt now given him my conſent—You underſtand me.—

HEARTFREE *(aſide.)* Heavens!

LÆTITIA. What, Egerton!

Mr. ALBERT. Yes, Egerton the baronet. There were ſome difficulties in the way; for, not to mention the great character he bears, his father is ſo rich, you know!—However, to remove theſe difficulties, I agree to give you on the day of marriage every ſhilling I poſſeſs.

LÆTITIA. And you, dear father?——

Mr. ALBERT. Oh, Lætitia, dont mind me; the ſureſt way I have to take, that I may never come to want, is to place all with you. Beſides, you will be doing me a real ſervice; for, to tell you every thing, my money is a burden to me. It is always the ſame buſineſs. Nothing in the world but counting. If I had not frequently the pleaſure of beſtowing, it would be quite inſupportable.

ELIZA. But are you ſure, my couſin—

Mr. ALBERT. As for you, Eliza, be you ſatisfied; for I have not forgot your fortune. It was what I promiſed my poor brother on his death bed; and I recollect, you are that brother's child. I have remarked the friend-

ſhip

ſhip between you and Heartfree, and already made proviſion for you both. I promiſe you a decent portion, and my leave to marry, on the very day when my Lætitia ſets you the example.

ELIZA. Shall I marry Mr. Heartfree, uncle? I?

Mr. ALBERT. Yes that you ſhall. You little dreamt I meant to make you ſuch an offer; did you? I determined to ſurpriſe you, knowing that whatever we ſhould like to have, gives ten times greater pleaſure, when we gain it unexpectedly. — But, what? — You all ſeem ſtupified, and do not even thank me. Heartfree, what's the matter?—Never did you ſeem before in ſuch a taking.

ELIZA. Oh, you muſt excuſe him, uncle. Love and joy are ſtrong within him. The poor fellow did not think of marrying me ſo ſoon.

Mr. ALBERT. My dear Lætitia, you appear diſſatisfied with what I have been telling you; and therefore hear me. I could wiſh you were the wife of this young baronet, and will inform you why: but if this marriage does not ſuit you, let me know your reaſons, which, beforehand, I am ſure will be as good as mine.

LÆTITIA. Dear father, I am full of gratitude for ſo much kindneſs; and would ſpeak to you alone.

Mr. ALBERT. You frighten me, Lætitia. *(To Heartfree and Eliza)* She informs me, ſhe would

would ſpeak to me alone. I fancy, therefore, you had beſt withdraw.

HEARTFREE. *(aſide to Eliza while they both go out.)* Dear friend, what will become of me?

ELIZA. Fear nothing.

Mr. ALBERT. I ſuppos'd this marriage would have pleaſed you.

LÆTITIA. I have never had the leaſt affection for the baronet. He has, I muſt acknowledge, ſhown me much attention; and on my part, I too have done juſtice to his merit, which is certainly to be eſteemed; but, then, eſteem is very far from love.

Mr. ALBERT. I was miſtaken, it appears. You ſpoke of Egerton, whenever I have introduced his name, and he has been ſo conſtant an attendant on you, that I thought the love was mutual. Nothing like it. Well then, I withdraw my promiſe, which I may do very juſtly, ſince the firſt condition was, that you approved it. Pardon me the grief I have occaſioned you. I am as ſorry for it as yourſelf.

LÆTITIA. Ah dear, dear ſir!

Mr. ALBERT. I promiſe, I will never do the like again; but for the future, give you an account of any one that may ſolicit you in marriage, and return him ſuch an anſwer as you pleaſe to dictate.

LÆTITIA. But why wiſh to marry me? I am ſo happy here with you! I have no wiſh to form but what you gratify. Then leave me

the

the enjoyment of ſo ſweet a ſituation. I have no idea of the happineſs a wife enjoys; and *that* of a beloved daughter ſatisfies me. Yes, ſir, ſhould you offer me, which is impoſſible, a huſband kinder than yourſelf, I ſhould be ſorry to divide my heart. I will have none but you.

Mr. ALBERT. My dear Lætitia, you have no occaſion to affect my feelings. Without that, you may do any thing you wiſh for, with your father. In the firſt place, married or unmarried, you ſhall never leave my houſe; ſince I ſhould die without you: and I wiſh to live ſome few years longer. With regard to your averſion for the matrimonial ſtate, you would agree with me, perhaps, tis neceſſary for you to ſurmount it, if you knew the ſtory of my fortune. Hear it therefore. We will reaſon with each other, like good friends, that have one ſingle intereſt. I will propoſe, and you ſhall afterwards, diſpoſe as you think fit.

LÆTITIA. Ah, father! I will hear you with the greareſt pleaſure. *(They ſit down.)*

Mr. ALBERT. I was never deſtitute, Lætitia; but yet, never rich till lately. I was, notwithſtanding, poor; and with your mother had a cottage in the country. You were then not born. A gentleman from India came to ſettle in our parts, and bought the houſe I rented. I became acquainted with him; he was very friendly to me, and my heart was grateful for it. In the courſe of ſix months time, or thereabouts, he could not do without

me.

me. He was what they call an eaſy, good ſort of a man; but he had married privately in India, a bad woman. He went from her, after he had got to England, and before I knew him; giving up the half of what he had, to keep her, and a child, who was but ſix months old when they agreed upon this ſeparation; but, of whom, he never would hear ſpeak. I lived with Mr. Selby in the greateſt intimacy twelve years after this: he died ten years ago, and left me all he was poſſeſſed of.

LÆTITIA. I am not aſtoniſhed at it in the leaſt.

Mr. ALBERT. As long as I was poor, Lætitia, I was happy: but vexation came with riches; for juſt after Mr. Selby's death, I loſt your mother, and my two poor little boys, which made me hate the country I was fixed in. I threw all my money into what they call the funds, and came to ſettle here, in London. It has doubled ſince that period; ſo that I have now, or rather you have, forty thouſand pounds. That ſum is very pretty; but ſuppoſing I ſhould die, you would be all alone, and utterly without a friend, in ſuch a place as London, where the leaſt miſconduct, in a perſon of your ſex and age, would make her miſerable her whole life. On this account, my dear Lætitia, I would ſee you married to a man of ſuch eſteem as Egerton, who would do every thing to make you happy, and fill up, at leaſt, the place of your poor father, who is now, I need not tell you,

you, growing old. Theſe, therefore, are my reaſons; and provided you have no averſion to the baronet, I beg it of you as a favour you would marry him, and make proviſion for your happineſs, when I am in the grave.——You weep, and make no anſwer.

LÆTITIA. Ah, dear father, I will do whatever you think proper; but, if only you could read my heart, or if I could but tell you.

Mr. ALBERT. What Lætitia! is there any thing you would conceal from me, within it?

LÆTITIA. No, indeed, ſir; were there, I ſhould not perform my duty to a father, who had never any thing he would conceal from me. But I muſt earneſtly entreat two favours of you, that are neceſſary to my peace of mind: one, to defer this marriage; and the other, to permit my going from you, down into the country.

Mr. ALBERT. From me, down into the country! *(They riſe.)*

LÆTITIA. Yes, ſir; I ſtand much in need of ſolitude and deep reflection.

Mr. ALBERT. You are dreaming! from me? That might do extremely well, my dear Lætitia, if I did not love you; but, alas! what would your father do without you? and on what occaſion have you formed a wiſh ſo utterly deſtructive of my happineſs? Have you already ſettled your affections? Speak, dear child, are you in love with any other perſon?

LÆTITIA *(hiding her face.)* Yes,—ſir.

Mr.

Mr. ALBERT. Well:—this is a misfortune, to be ſure. However, you need only tell me who he is; and I will love him too.

LÆTITIA. Alas, ſir! I can never name him without bluſhing.

Mr. ALBERT. You need never bluſh with me; for am I not your father? Open freely, then, your heart: perhaps, I may ſtrike out a way to make you happy.

LÆTITIA. Well, then, let me tell you, what a thouſand times I would have fain ſecreted from myſelf; and cure me of a paſſion I inceſſantly reſiſt; but which gains daily on my heart. I love, ſir.—Yes, I love, ſir.——

Mr. ALBERT. Who, Lætitia?

LÆTITIA. Heartfree.

Mr. ALBERT. Heartfree! My emanuenſis!

LÆTITIA. I confeſs the folly of my choice. I only aſk you to aſſiſt my weakneſs, and dare promiſe I ſhall overcome it. Send me, ſir, where I may never more ſee Heartfree. I hope every thing from time and abſence.

Mr. ALBERT. Have you truſted this affair to any one?

LÆTITIA. How ſhould I, ſir, when you yourſelf knew nothing of it?

Mr. ALBERT. I was in the wrong, tis true, to aſk that queſtion. I have not forgot, Lætitia, that originally I was on a level with this Heartfree; and if ſtill I were in Dorſetſhire, where every body knew me, I would chearfully accept of ſuch a ſon-in-law: but here, where, for

for your ſake, I have conſented to diſplay a little vanity, the affair becomes more difficult. However,—

LÆTITIA. No, dear father, tis my duty to put bounds to your exceſſive generoſity: the more you do for me, the more ſhould I, on my part, do for you. I will ſurmount my paſſion; I will ſacrifice it to the happineſs of your old age. All I requeſt is to be ſent where I may never meet again with Heartfree. Grant me but a little time, and I will marry him you have deſigned me.

Mr. ALBERT. You ſhall never marry him: but I muſt ſtrive to cure you. You are very ſick, my child I will become your doctor; but provided you ſhould find my remedies too bitter, we will ceaſe them altogether; which is ſaying, ſure, enough. Come in with me, Lætitia. I will lead you to your chamber. You are too much indiſpoſed for further converſation.

LÆTITIA *(weeping.)* I ſhall never ſee him more.

ACT

## ACT III.

### SCENE, *continues.*

Mr. ALBERT.

I HAVE ſeen Lætitia to her chamber; and ſhe ſeems, already, more at eaſe. I am not ſo myſelf; for I am going to afflict her. She muſt, notwithſtanding that, be ſafe. — Within there! Niece! *(to Eliza, entering)* tell Heartfree, I deſire to have a little converſation with him.

ELIZA. Is it to be angry?

Mr. ALBERT. Do as I direct you.

ELIZA. Yes, ſir; but you ſeem—

Mr. ALBERT. I ſee you will not fetch him; and muſt, therefore, wait upon myſelf.

ELIZA. No, no, ſir: I will ſend him. *(Aſide, while going out)* Never did I ſee him thus!

Mr. ALBERT. I ſhall not ſurely have it in my power to give him his diſmiſſion. He muſt go, however. Tis impoſſible it ſhould be otherwiſe. Poor youth! it was a fault in me to have him here. I might have naturally thought the conſequence would be as it has proved. I dont know how it happens, but at all times, with the beſt deſigns imaginable, I do wrong. But he is coming. I ſhall never find it in my heart to bid him leave me. Heartfree—

HEARTFREE.

HEARTFREE *(entering with Eliza.)* Here I am, ſir. What are your commands?

Mr. ALBERT. I wiſh to have a little converſation with you, and alone. So leave us to ourſelves, Eliza.

ELIZA *(aſide.)* What can this mean?

Mr. ALBERT. I am ſorry,—Niece, I think I bade you leave us?

ELIZA. Yes, ſir, ſo you did.

Mr. ALBERT. And why, then, ſtay?

ELIZA. I go, ſir. *(Goes out.)*

Mr. ALBERT. My dear friend, I know not how I ſhall inform you of a matter which will give you pain, and much afflict me, likewiſe.

HEARTFREE. I was never ſpoiled by fortune, and no change can much aſtoniſh me.

Mr. ALBERT. I was in hopes, we never ſhould have parted from each other; and that by your marriage with my niece, you would have always lived within my habitation: but the face of things is now quite altered.

HEARTFREE. If that, ſir, be all that grieves you, I am ſo ſincere, that I muſt tell you ſuch a marriage never would have taken place.

Mr. ALBERT. Yes, I was wrong in that, as I have been in many other things. But what moſt hurts me, is, that I am forced to aſk a favour of you.

HEARTFREE. Ah, ſir, lay your orders on me.—Speak, what can I do to ſerve you.

Mr. ALBERT. I am ſorry for it; yes, quite ſorry for it, Heartfree: but tis neceſſary I

ſhould beg you would have ſo much goodneſs as to quit this houſe.

HEARTFREE. To quit it, did you ſay?

Mr. ALBERT. Yes, truly, did I, my dear friend.

HEARTFREE. Have I been ſo unfortunate as to diſpleaſe you?

Mr. ALBERT. On the other hand, I have conceived the greateſt friendſhip for you; and dont know how I ſhall do without you, for the time to come, when you are gone. Your diligence and underſtanding have been uſeful to me. I eſteem and love you. I know better, by a deal, than any other perſon, how much you are worth; but ſtill, dear friend, whatever pain it coſts me, you muſt abſolutely leave this dwelling.

HEARTFREE. Have I accidentally offended any one within it? Have you been complained to?

Mr. ALBERT. Far from it. You are complaiſant and ready to oblige; for which, we all eſteem and love you: but, alas! it is on that account alone, you muſt go from us.

HEARTFREE. Let me tell you, ſir, with all the deference and reſpect I can evince, that what you ſay appears to me flat irony. You may, whenever you think fit, diſmiſs me; but why ſuch a mode of making me unhappy? My attachment to your intereſts does not merit ſuch a treatment, and I never could have thought—

Mr.

Mr. ALBERT. Tis a mode I am obliged to take: not that I willingly employ it; ſince once more I tell you I eſteem you as myſelf, and would freely give you half I have, to keep you here. As ſoon as I firſt ſaw you, I conceived a friendſhip and attachment for you, that draws tears, as you may ſee, at preſent from my eyes, ſince we are now to part. It muſt be abſolutely ſo. I weep at the idea; but tis unavoidable. Let me embrace you. Farewell, friend. I ſhall regret you all my life: but go, as ſoon as poſſible; farewell, farewell: rely upon my friendſhip, but take care and never let me ſee you more. *(He goes out.)*

HEARTFREE. What ſignify theſe tears? and this leave-taking? theſe aſſervations of good will, and yet this order to be gone? Am I diſcovered? Have I any how betrayed myſelf? Ah, I know nothing of the whole affair, except that I ſhall be, henceforward, the moſt miſerable of mankind.

ELIZA *(coming in.)* What can have happened, pray? My uncle has withdrawn to his apartment, all in tears: but told me, to come here, and comfort you, if I were able.

HEARTFREE. He has ordered me to quit his houſe, as ſoon as poſſible, aſſured me of his friendſhip, but forbad me ſtaying any longer in his ſervice.

ELIZA. You dont tell me ſo!—but, why? Tis all a myſtery to me: and what do you deſign to do.

HEARTFREE. What he has bid me. It will kill me; notwithſtanding which, I ſhall obey. At leaſt, my dear Eliza, may I hope you will ſpeak ſometimes of me to your couſin? You are well acquainted with my heart, and may aſſure her no one can have more affection in his boſom for her, than I have. Tell her of every thing I have done, thought, and ſuffered for her ſake. Perhaps ſhe will bewail and pity me.

ELIZA. Alas! how miſerable we are both! Dear Heartfree, place a full reliance on my friendſhip for you; and I would, *that* circumſtance might give you any comfort.

HEARTFREE. You, my dear Eliza, are the only individual that inſtead of being jealous of the love I bore your couſin, ever pitied me; and what I moſt of all regret, is, that I cannot ſhow my gratitude to you, for ſuch diſintereſted friendſhip. Take, at leaſt, this diamond ring: it is the only thing of worth my mother left me: never have I thought it of ſuch value, as at preſent, ſince it ſerves, in ſome degree, to ſhow the ſenſe I have of your obligingneſs.

ELIZA. Alas! I have no manner of occaſion for your diamond: but my wiſh is to behold you happy. Do not go, dear Heartfree. But ſay, who you are. What riſque is there in ſuch a meaſure? Every thing is loſt already. You can hazard nothing farther.

HEARTFREE. Should I do ſo, would Lætitia and her father pardon me, for having introduced myſelf as I have done? They would abominate

abominate me for my double conduct; whereas now, I have perhaps, their pity.

Mr. ALBERT *(coming in again.)* Pardon me for coming here again to vex you with the ſight of one, whom you conſider, very likely, as your enemy. But grief at the idea of your loſs, had ſuch effect upon my brain, that I forgot to offer you a ſlight aſſurance of my friendſhip. Take this note, then, my dear Heartfree, and conſider it not as the recompence of ſervice done me, but the benefit a friend beſtows upon you.

HEARTFREE. How is this, ſir? You reduce me to deſpair, with theſe aſſurances of your reſpect. You puniſh me, by ſaying I am innocent, and come to make me preſents. No, I cannot take your bounty.

Mr. ALBERT. Heartfree, this is not well done: nor do I merit a refuſal.

HEARTFREE. It is painful for me to diſpleaſe you. Heaven, ſir, is my witneſs, that your friendſhip is much dearer to my heart, than any thing the world contains; but for a very cogent reaſon, I can never take your preſent.

Mr. ALBERT. And what, pray, may be that reaſon? You can have no good one, to afflict the perſon that eſteems and loves you.

ELIZA. Come, ſir, ſpeak, my uncle lets you have the opportunity.

Mr. ALBERT. What, niece, is that you tell him?

ELIZA. To diſcloſe his mind, and let you know a ſecret, I imagine in it. Your frank-heartedneſs and generoſity, ſhould work upon him towards a full avowal of his thoughts. Beſides, yourſelf, that ſo much valued my late honoured aunt, can never be incenſed at thoſe offences love may have occaſioned.

Mr. ALBERT. Love!

HEARTFREE. Yes, ſir: for I will tell you every thing. I am not what you think me. A reſiſtleſs paſſion for your daughter, has this year paſt, had poſſeſſion of me; and deſpairing to get introduced to you as a friend, I left my regiment, being, as I am, a ſoldier; but not parting, hitherto, with my commiſſion; and obtained admittance to you, in the humble walk of an emanuenſis. This is my offence. Let me be puniſhed for it.

Mr. ALBERT. How! Have you abuſed, then, my credulity, and formed a plan in ſecret to ſeduce my daughter?

ELIZA. Oh, no, uncle; I can witneſs for him, that he never told my couſin of his paſſion.

Mr. ALBERT. Did he leſs, on that account, contribute to deſtroy her reputation. Were it known (and how ſhould it remain unknown) that you have paſſed ſix months here in my family, and had the liberty of ſeeing, and converſing with my daughter, — who will think you could have had the leaſt reſpect or value for that reputation? Therefore will my poor Lætitia feel the conſequences of your fault.

Tis

Tis thus you have repaid my friendſhip. You diſhonour my old age, and make my child unhappy; while, on my part, I am heaping favours on you.

HEARTFREE. Love alone is my excuſe.

Mr. ALBERT. Ungrateful Heartfree! why not, then, inform me of your love? and why prefer the trouble of deceiving me, as you have done, tis plain, theſe ſix months paſt and upwards, to the pleaſure of avowing with what eye you looked upon my daughter?

HEARTFREE. Ah, ſir! I was well aware you would not have permitted me to love her.

Mr. ALBERT. What, then, was your hope?

HEARTFREE. To gain your confidence by living with you; to attach myſelf ſo faithfully to you and yours, that you ſhould think me worthy in the end of being loved; and when, by dint of good behaviour I had merited your friendſhip, I ſhould not have been afraid to tell you what I thought of. My misfortunes, then, would have been motives for my heart to hope. I ſhould have made you privy to my ſorrows, your compaſſionating nature would have certainly been moved; and you might probably have then received the avowal of my love, not as a father to Lætitia, whom I love, but as a friend to the unhappy Heartfree.

Mr. ALBERT. Who then, are you? Speak.

HEARTFREE. The ſon, ſir, of a wealthy father; who have dearly paid for that advantage. Totally abandoned by him in my infancy,

fancy, and made a victim to the faults of an unhappy mother, who unnaturally waſted all the wealth that had been formerly deſigned me, I was thrown upon the world when parents are ſo neceſſary, without fortune, without guide, without ſupport, alone, and iſolated; having nothing but the knowledgde of my undeſerved misfortunes, and not daring to aſſume, at any time, the ſurname of that father, who, before I came into the world, had wrought upon himſelf ſo far, as to deprive me of his love.

ELIZA. Sure, uncle, you relent?

Mr. ALBERT. No, not at all, niece: but go on.

HEARTFREE. A friend that providence beſtowed upon me, pitying my diſtreſſed condition, purchaſed me a cornetcy; and being made acquainted with my origin, was on the point of getting me an introduction to my father! when, alas! twas told him, he had died ſome years before in Dorſetſhire, and had bequeathed his fortune to a ſtranger.

Mr. ALBERT. To a ſtranger!

HEARTFREE. Yes, ſir; and on this I built my hopes of intereſting you at one time or another in my fortune. This illuſion kept me from perceiving I was injuring you by that diſguiſe, I thought it neceſſary to aſſume. At leaſt, then, let me have your pardon: on my knees I aſk it of you, ſir.

Mr. ALBERT *(moved.)* What was your father's name, pray?

HEARTFREE.

HEARTFREE. Selby.

Mr. ALBERT. Selby!

HEARTFREE. Yes, ſir.

Mr. ALBERT. Heavens! my benefactor! And are you his ſon?——Ah, quit that poſture: it is I, that owe *you* my reſpect.

HEARTFREE. What, did you know him, ſir?

Mr. ALBERT. Did I know him! Certainly. And you his ſon! Ah, you ſhall be my ſon, too; for I owe your father every thing I have. I lived in friendſhip with him fifteen years. It was to me, he left his fortune. Heaven be praiſed for all things! It is I, that have your wealth, and tis a happy circumſtance for you I have ſo; ſince the whole ſhall be at your diſpoſal. It is yours; your father could not give it me. *(To Lætitia, coming in)* Approach, my dear Lætitia, and behold the ſon of that kind-hearted gentleman who left us all his fortune, and who claims the whole we are poſſeſſed of. We were rich, at noon; but ſhall be poor in future. But no matter, ſince if it were otherwiſe, we ſhould not be accounted honeſt.

HEARTFREE. How! What ſay you? I have nothing I can lawfully lay claim to; and my father's marriage never was atteſted.

Mr. ALBERT. Never, lawfully. But what can law avail me, if my conſcience ſpeaks, as now it does, informing me your property by no means can belong to me? ſhall I abound in riches, and my benefactor's ſon be poor? No, no.

no. I will reſtore you every thing. Let me beſeech you, notwithſtanding, to aſſign my daughter a ſufficiency to live on. I ſhould die with ſorrow, were ſhe to be left in indigence; and ſince you are the ſon of Selby, you will not permit it.

HEARTFREE. Your dear daughter! Heavens! Well, then, I am contented to reſume my fortune; but to lay it at her feet. And you too, virtuous man, who do not ſcruple to deprive yourſelf of all your fortune, from the fear of ſeeing me unhappy,—I ſhall certainly be ſo, unleſs you let me have your daughter.

Mr. ALBERT. What, then, you would—

HEARTFREE. I would willingly regain a father; and you only can lay claim to ſuch a title from me.

Mr. ALBERT. I deſire no better; and can even let you know a ſecret that will give you greater joy than the recovery of your fortune: namely, that I bid you quit me, for no reaſon, than becauſe Lætitia had informed me, ſhe had fallen in love with you.—But do not let her know I told you this.

HEARTFREE. Ah, dear Lætitia! am I, then, ſo happy?

LÆTITIA. Fortunately, I ſaid ſo this morning.

ELIZA. Heaven be praiſed, that matters are thus ſettled!

Mr. ALBERT. My dear niece, you ſee I cannot give you Heartfree, as I thought I ſhould

ſhould have done: but will increaſe the portion I have all along deſigned you: ſo the whole you have to do, at preſent, and hereafter, is to recommend yourſelf to ſome one worthy of your open-heartedneſs. And as for you, dear children, you are now to be united: and, I doubt not, will be happy. But, remember there can be no pleaſure in the world, like that excited in our boſoms, by the conſciouſneſs of being virtuous parents, and good citizens.

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